

VOL. II. (XXI.)  
1874.

[THIRD SERIES.]

No. VIII. (CXXII.)  
AUGUST.

# THE MONTH

AND

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## Rome at the Jubilee of 1600.

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THE solemn Jubilee, which, since the Constitution *Ineffabilis Providentia* of Paul the Second in 1470, has occurred every twenty-five years, is, or ought to be, close at hand. The changed state of the Eternal City hardly warrants a hope that it can be held in any external manner. If pilgrims are forbidden to visit Assisi, if the body of St. Ambrose has to be carried through the streets of Milan like the remains of a criminal, with no one to do him honour, if the faithful are not allowed to applaud the Pope in the piazza of St. Peter's, we cannot expect that so great a manifestation of Catholic faith as a public jubilee will be tolerated by the present rulers of Italy. We may find some consolation in recalling the good days of old.

Besides the interest which Jubilees possess in themselves, they are epochs in the history of the Church. The contrast between one Jubilee and another gives us a measure of her progress. We see what is her state, whether oppressed or triumphant. As Rome is, like St. John Lateran, *Caput omnium Ecclesiarum*, her sufferings, her exaltation, are felt sensibly through the entire body.

In 1800, in the memorable words of Chateaubriand, "There was no Pope." Pius the Sixth had died in his dungeon of Savona. The new monster, the Revolution, had possession of Rome. In the year 1500, Alexander the Sixth held the Jubilee. History has yet to answer the historians of his Pontificate. But one would almost have foreseen in the decay of religion in the city, where the Humanists with their Platonic Paganism were the directors of the public taste, the terrible storm which was lowering in Germany. "All the head is sick." The cruel wars which prevented so many from visiting Rome were presages of the coming schism. In 1525, the storm had burst in the North, and a few years later was to break over the city, purifying it from many evil influences,

but destroying and wasting the treasures of art and learning accumulated there. In 1550 the sky was growing clearer. The Church had met in Council, and though England was no longer Catholic, and heresy was advancing in France and the Low Countries, great saints, by their own deeds and by those of their followers, were coming to the rescue. St. Philip, St. Ignatius, St. Francis Borgia were in Rome. St. Francis Xavier was in the Indies. St. Pius the Fifth was not yet in the Sacred College; but Cardinal dei' Nobili was one of the first of a long line of holy men who gave out a new lustre to the purple. In 1575, Rome deserved anew the name of the Holy City. St. Charles Borromeo was among the pilgrims. St. Philip was at the Chiesa Nuova. St. Felix of Cantalice was with the Capuchins. St. Aloysius, St. Teresa, St. John of the Cross were then living.

Twenty-five years later, Clement the Eighth published the Jubilee of 1600. Let us try to realize the scene, and sketch in slightly the men of the time, as we follow the stream of old and young of every European nation through streets which are but little altered after two centuries and a half. Sixtus the Fifth did so much, that, until far later times, with the exception of fresh buildings, hardly anything was done to change the general appearance of Rome. The great bridge of Sant' Angelo bears no fluttering Angels, but the statues of SS. Peter and Paul greet you as you pass. The Castel S. Angelo is in poor repair, for the warlike days seem to have gone by. Though Venetian Ambassadors write home that the city has much reason to fear a *coup de main* from the great bands of brigands that have sprung up again since the days of Sixtus the Fifth and who flutter their banners close up to the crazy walls of Rome, the danger seems exaggerated. Perhaps there was a spice of diplomatic suggestion in this and other descriptions of growing discontent in the Papal States.

The great Dome rises up fresh in its newness. The thought of Michael Angelo has become a reality under the impulse of Sixtus, and in front of the venerable façade the immense Egyptian monolith, pointing to the skies, is another proof of that Pontiff's energy. He too has finished the Vatican, which unconcealed by the present colonnades, towers up to our right. Part of the atrium of the old Basilica still is standing, its flight of steep steps blackened with the mass of pilgrims

who reverently ascend them on their knees. A graceful colonnade, the reproduction of the cortile of the Venetian Palace, joins the portico of St. Peter's to the Vatican. The atrium was called the Paradise, for in olden days trees and fountain gave grateful rest to the pilgrims. As we look round on Rome, we see but few of the domes so familiar to us now. The Chiesa Nuova is nearly completed; the Gesù is being built; the Piazza Nuova has no St. Agnes; neither of the St. Charles' is commenced; St. Andrea della Valle is rising by the generosity of the nephew of Sixtus the Fifth; St. Mary Major's has as yet but one dome. The great statue-crowned front of St. John Lateran is not yet erected. Then the square at our feet is merely an irregular opening, with no ornament but the obelisk in its midst. And as we are looking, wave after wave comes past us—human waves pouring into the Basilica. Cardinal Valier says there were two hundred thousand lodged during the year in the Trinità dei Pellegrini, the hospital which St. Philip had left behind as one of the many monuments of his love and zeal, and that there were five hundred and thirty-six thousand in other hospitals and public buildings. Giunti, in his life of Clement the Eighth, puts down the number at the hospital as two hundred and seventy thousand pilgrims who came separately, and fifty-four thousand six hundred who came in two hundred and forty-eight companies. The official statement raises the number to four hundred and forty-four thousand men and twenty-five thousand women, as taken from the registers kept by those who had the charge of the hospital; but this does not represent the total numbers, as, owing to the crowd of applicants, the list was inaccurately kept. Last of all we find a separate list of those who were entertained at the national hospitals: twelve thousand at St. Lewis of the French, ten thousand at St. James of the Spaniards, four thousand at St. Anthony of the Portuguese, and three thousand in the Genoese Hospital. None of these calculations include the multitudes who thronged the religious houses or private lodgings in the city. The Pope got ready a palace in the Borgo, where poor bishops and other ecclesiastics were received and entertained for ten days. And he loved to go there with the Cardinal-nephews, Aldobrandini and San Giorgio, to wash the feet of the venerable pilgrims. "Sometimes they dried the feet which the Pope had washed," says the chronicler, "and sometimes they washed their feet and

Clement dried them." As many as four thousand ecclesiastics were said to have been entertained there.

Another time the Pope went to the crowded Hospital of the Pellegrini, and took his share in the pious labours of the Confraternity, washing the feet of thirty pilgrims, just as they happened to come in. And twenty days after His Holiness came again, with the two holy Cardinals, Baronius and Bellarmine, to assist him, and when he had washed the feet of twelve more, he kissed them tenderly, the eyes of the poor pilgrims brimming over with a holy delight and shame at seeing the august Vicar of Jesus Christ at their feet, performing so menial and painful a charity for them. The Cardinal Montalto, grand-nephew of Sixtus the Fifth, ennobled as much by his great and generous heart as by the riches and honours his uncle had showered on him, was constantly at this work of charity, of which he was the president; and the Cardinal, Lewis Torres, Archbishop of Monreale, Cardinal Valier, Bishop of Verona, and crowds of prelates and princes followed his noble example, and renewed during the year the touching scenes many of our readers may have witnessed in past Holy Weeks in Rome. People could not credit that human aid could supply enough food for the multitudes there received, and rumour went abroad that many an opportune help had come from hands that are not of this earth.

One of the pilgrims received there was Stephen Calvin, a near relative of the heresiarch, and a recent convert. Clement the Eighth was pleased himself to administer to him the Sacrament of Confirmation, and offered him benefices and rich livings. But Stephen preferred the poverty and habit of Mount Carmel, and joined the new reform of St. John of the Cross. He became a Superior in one of their houses.

Poor St. Thomas of the English! its occupation was gone; no pilgrims left England that year, unless we count as such the brave youths seeking admittance to the College which occupied the old National Hospital. Thirteen arrived that year. Among those who were then in the College, three laid down their lives afterwards for the Faith, Richard Smith, John Almond, and Robert Watkinson.

Among the crowds the French seemed at once the poorest and the most numerous: their distress, a sad proof of the state to which the civil wars had reduced their noble country; their numbers, a proof that the Faith was still alight. But we have



forgotten our errand in counting the multitudes that are passing by. We turn towards the Basilica, cross the atrium with its cloister of graceful columns, and hardly have time to look up at the great mosaics and the Gothic windows in the pediment, so soon to go down before the genius or blundering of Maderno. The crowd hustles us, so we feel tempted roughly to remonstrate; but perhaps our neighbour with pilgrim's hood and weeds is a prince, or a cardinal, or the nephew of an emperor; for such as these came disguised to seek with the lowly the graces of the Jubilee. The long and five-fold nave is filled, and we find it hard to struggle up to the various shrines. It is bare of ornament; for the hands of the spoiler in the siege of Rome left nothing behind them. A lofty wall blocks its western end. That once passed, the great dome rises suddenly up far above the low plain roof of the yet undestroyed nave of Constantine. There is no brazen Baldacchino, no glorious altar at the end of the tribune, no gigantic statues, but the great mosaics glitter in the dome, which is just being adorned by the reigning Pontiff. The floor is covered with rich and symmetric pavement of marble, a vast altar is in the centre over St. Peter's tomb, and right and left of us are the chapel of St. Gregory and the Cappella Clementina, giving promise in their magnificence and costliness of material of what the enormous fabric will be. The Subterranean Chapel is just completed.

If we crossed the city to St. John's, down through the busy and rich quarter around the immense Farnese Palace, by the new Church of St. Andrew, and the great building which is rising by the Capitol—the Farnesian Church of the Gesù—over the Sistine hill and across the Campo Vaccino, where a few half buried columns and triumphal arches turned into castles tell us where the Forum once stood, by the Coliseum, a vast quarry for modern buildings, we shall come to another point of the pilgrim's journey, the Cathedral of the World. At first view, it would look much as it does to-day, with its spick and span new palace, which the practical and unarchæological Sixtus had built in place of the venerable palace of his predecessors, and the new north façade with the obelisk before it, raised by that Pope. The nave is bare and plain, unmodernized and unadorned. The columns have suffered so by the fire that they have to be so supported by brick piers as to look as if built of brick. But there is the pavement of rich *Opus Alexandrinum*, with the bronze effigy of the



restorer of the church, Martin the Fifth, lying before the high altar, and its Gothic Baldacchino; the roof is shining with new decoration, the great transept has just been adorned with vast frescoes, and the four gilt bronze columns, which are still a puzzle to antiquarians, have gone to adorn the altar of the Blessed Sacrament, which, with its precious tabernacle, faces you as you enter the north door. No stately front at the west end, but there is the old façade, like that of so many Basilicas still remaining in Rome, a sunken atrium with a row of ancient columns, and mosaics in the frieze and pediment above. The great relics are exposed, and crowds go on their knees up the Scala Santa, in their new chapel of Sixtus' building.

St. Paul's is a long way outside the walls. It stands much as it did at the beginning of this century, a perfect type of the Old Basilica. St. Mary Major has a rich front of mosaic; its lofty tower rises high above every building; the first gold from America is untarnished on its elaborate roof, the chapel of Sixtus the Fifth is in all its new brightness, nor has Paul the Fifth as yet outdone its splendours by its rival, the Borghese Chapel. The Holy Crib of Bethlehem, in its golden case, is exposed in the subterranean crypt, which Sixtus the Fifth, the lover of architectural feats, had bodily transported and placed beneath the altar in his chapel, the Blessed Sacrament altar of the Basilica. Pilgrims flock down to venerate the holy relic, and perhaps some have heard how St. Ignatius said his first Mass there, and how a living saint, Gaetano, the Theatine, had seen in a marvellous vision at Christmas-tide the Holy Infant descend into his arms.

If we chance to be about on a Sunday we shall perhaps meet the Holy Father himself, making his rounds to the four Basilicas. He has revived the old custom of the Cardinals going to the Vatican on horseback, and when his attacks of gout will permit him, sets them the example. The horsemen of the guard and his cross-bearer go before him, and a body of Swiss, dressed much as they are now-a-days, are round about him. He is of fine figure, stout and stately, spite of the austere life he leads and of his frequent fasts. His two nephews ride beside him. The princely Cardinal, Philip Aldobrandini, whose innate nobility, readiness of access, and well known amiability supply for absence of great powers of administration, and have

made him the chief channel of the Pontiff's favours, is the one to whom all who seek advancement most care to pay their court. Thirty years old, unlike his uncle in appearance, short in stature, undignified, his face disfigured with smallpox, his feeble voice broken with asthma, yet he is second only to the Pope in Rome. His cousin, San Giorgio, as he was called from his titular church, the son of a very poor man of Sinigaglia, who had married the sister of the Pope when he was plain Messer Aldobrandini, his talent, his experience in affairs, his greater age, naturally gave him at first great advantages over his younger cousin, and he had for some time held the place which Aldobrandini now occupies. Keeping up the old traditions of the Roman Court, he is the liberal patron of men of letters, who gather together in his apartments of the Vatican, among whom the foremost had been poor Tasso, who came to die in Rome, before he could even gain the laurel crown of the Capitol. The Cardinal is about forty years old, and not very striking in appearance. He seems grave and serious, but when speaking or acting he is full of animation, and spite of a sort of reserve, one could see in him a man of great and noble character. Naturally enough men saw, or suspected they saw, no little jealousy between the setting and the rising sun; but it is certain that both receive the confidence of their uncle, who, habitually slow to act, consults them on all matters, but not before he himself has most carefully studied all the *pros* and *cons*, with the patient care of a man of business. The government by nephews, though open to great abuse, had passed into an acknowledged system. The Popes considered they could not find more faithful and diligent servants than among their own flesh and blood. But the examples of the Caraffas, nephews of Paul the Fourth, had already made wise and good men think, as we do now, that the system had more disadvantages than gains. Still it had entered so much into the custom of the times, that though Clement the Eighth had himself disapproved of nepotism, and for two years had refused to give the purple to his nephews, he finally adopted it, and raised his family to a grandeur as magnificent as it was short-lived. His niece had married a distant relative of her own name, John Francis Aldobrandini. He was made General of Holy Church, Castellan of S. Angelo, and the Duke of Parma was proud to marry one of his daughters, while two sons received the Cardinal's hat. In 1640, Cardinal Bentivoglio writes that not one of his descend-

ants is left.<sup>2</sup> The villa at Frascati, with its wonderful waterfalls, built in commemoration of the cession of Ferrara, is a remembrance of a house quickly elevated and quickly passed away.

The Sacred College bears the impress of the influence of great saints and men of distinguished holiness, who had just gone to their reward. St. Philip, first at St. John of the Florentines, then at St. Jerome's, and last of all at the Chiesa Nuova, had been truly the Apostle of Rome, gathering round about him the young aspirants for Church preferment, and filling their hearts with high thoughts of the great vocation to the priesthood, of the sanctity of the episcopate, and the grave responsibility of ecclesiastical authority. Clement the Eighth himself has been a disciple of the "sweet-faced old man," and had learned from him the marvellous piety he bore with him to the throne. People seemed to behold another St. Pius the Fifth, when again during the holy year the Pontiff with his own hands gave away alms to the poor, or took his seat in the public confessional on Maundy Thursday to hear all that chose to come to him.

Out of love of his sainted master, Clement the Eighth drew Father Tarugi from his well loved Oratory of Naples and made him Archbishop of Avignon in the dangerous days of the French civil wars, and not long after recalled him to Rome, transferred him to Siena, and made him Prefect of a Congregation, to which he attached the greatest importance, for the reform of the religious orders. Tarugi's saintly life, his wonderful talents for preaching, the important embassies which had been intrusted to him, and perhaps his diligent cooperation with the Pope in the restoration of fervour and discipline in religious houses, found for him enemies, who, by dint of repeating that he was aspiring to succeed to the tiara, and that he had never forgiven Clement the Eighth's severity in putting to death one of his nephews, made him lose the confidence of his sovereign. Tarugi, connected as he was with the families of Paul the Third, Del Monte, and the Medici of Florence, had a natural right to promotion.

Baronius, the favourite of St. Philip, was of obscure family, but his virtue and the esteem which Clement the Eighth had conceived of him, made the Pope select him as his confessor, and as he went every night to confession, he forced the good Father to remain in the Vatican. And courageously did Baronius

<sup>2</sup> Another branch of the family kept the name alive.

fulfil his office, so far as, at St. Philip's bidding, to refuse any more to hear the confessions of his exalted penitent, unless Clement would follow the dictates of his conscience, and, braving the menaces of the Spanish Government, receive Henry the Fourth into the Church. He did not resort to that extreme measure until he had exhausted every other. Prayers night and day, and a horrible hair-shirt had been his arguments with heaven; then, prostrate at the Pope's feet, he had conjured him no longer to delay to do what was so clearly his duty, a delay in which no doubt Clement's habitual slowness in coming to a decision had no small share. When the Pope made him Protonotary, he had positively fought for his old black cassock which the servants of the palace had been ordered, on his refusal of the office, to pull off by main force. And when at length, unable to resist, he had to accept the dignity of Cardinal, and a suite of apartments were prepared for him in the Vatican, he caused a little cell to be built within one of them, as St. Peter Celestine had done years before, and there he had transported his simple bed from the Oratory, consisting, as many Roman beds do now-a-days, merely of two iron tressels with boards laid across. But so narrow was it, so bare, that with the iron cross fixed at its head, it looked more like a bier than a bed.

Another Cardinal, Antoniano, the friend of the two last, rivalled them in his deserved repute of holiness; while the story of his early life reads almost like a romance. Poor peasants in a village of the Abruzzi, his father and mother earned their bread by selling wool, when the father determined to go on pilgrimage first to Rome, where he left his family, and then on to the Holy Land. After six years', he returned to find his son, Silvio, become a prodigy in the Eternal City. The great Cardinal Truchses, whose name occurs so often in the history of the German Reformation, had, we know not how, heard of his precocious talents, taken him from the poor school, and set him under masters who taught him Tuscan, as Italian was then called, Latin, and Greek. At ten he was famous as a brilliant musician, singer, and improvisatore. St. Philip was Silvio's director, and a holy mother, most watchful over the innocence of her boy, was more ambitious of his holiness than of any success on earth. Silvio became the necessary adornment to every state dinner or evening entertainment. At Cardinal Pisani's table in Florence, he sang in

succession the praises of the different Cardinals who were present at his Excellency's birthday dinner. The host put into his hand a garland of flowers, and told him to place it on the head of the one who should afterwards be Pope. Cardinal Alexander Medici, on whom the boy bestowed it, at first resented the token as a practical joke; but when he became Pius the Fourth he at once sought out the prophet of his greatness. Hercules D'Este, Duke of Ferrara, had taken him to add him to the celebrities of his brilliant Court. There the boy profited so well by the lessons of his various professors, that he won the cap as *Doctor Utriusque Juris*, and was lecturing on literature and eloquence to a delighted audience when only sixteen. Pius the Fourth attached him to his nephew, St. Charles Borromeo, who made him his confidential adviser and secretary, and the closest affection grew up between him and the youthful Silvio. Nothing but Antoniano's love for his aged mother, and his duties towards his brothers and sisters, could separate him from the holy Archbishop when, on the death of his uncle, St. Charles hastened from Rome to take full charge of his flock at Milan. Meanwhile the young man applied himself to his theological studies, became a priest, and said his daily Mass with those who loved him as one of themselves—the first fathers of the Roman Oratory. Then, spite of his modesty, spite of his refusals, honours came fast upon him. Clement the Eighth, who had of course known him well at the Vallicella, put him at the head of his household, and made him canon of St. Peter's—the school, as it was called, for Cardinals. Though exempted from all duty of choir, he never failed when possible to be in his stall for divine office. And when the Court went to the Quirinal in the sultry and unwholesome season, he would go across the city every Sunday to his loved and sacred duty; and so grieved was he to see the grass growing on the steps of the Basilica of the Chief of the Apostles, little trodden when every one that could escape from Rome was out of town, that he paid the sacristan to weed them carefully and regularly.

Two years before the Jubilee he had been, to his great sorrow and the delight of all who knew him, made Cardinal. Three more short years and he was to repose in the spot he loved best, St. Philip's Church, the Chiesa Nuova, in a side chapel and a tomb he had prepared. His confessor, the Superior of the Theatines, to whom he went oftentimes in the week, declared after his death that his innocence was so great that it was



difficult to find matter for absolution. Over so beautiful a character one longs to linger. Two more traits of the Cardinal must be added. Even when fifty years old, and a prelate of the highest distinction in Rome, he would never leave the city without going and asking his mother's leave and his mother's blessing. He never forgot the lowly station from which God had raised him, and treated his servants more as equals than inferiors. When Carnival-time came, he would send them all out to enjoy themselves, and have the gates of his palace closed as if he were out of town. If any of them, unwilling to leave him alone in the house, stayed behind, and he chanced to find it out, he would send them off too, and when they all returned home, more than usually good cheer was provided for them. We shall often see these three between St. Peter's and the Vallicella, like birds flying back to their favourite nests, whenever their weighty occupations give them a few hours' leisure. St. Philip was not there to welcome them, but he still lived in the holy Father Ancina—the bosom friend of St. Francis of Sales—the heir to his spiritual father's sweetness and charity. And we may hear them, at the order of the Pope, preaching in the public churches to the crowds who gathered round them attracted by the fame of their sanctity and learning. All three were renowned for their eloquence, and the largest churches in Rome were crammed to suffocation when their names were announced.

Crossing a piazza one day we meet a Cardinal's carriage, whose plainness, when magnificence was the order of the day, at once strikes our eye. The servants are few, and they are dressed in black, without rapiers. We cannot say much for the horses. They stop at a church, that of Sta. Maria in Via, poor and out of the way, but a dense throng is collected round about it, and as the servants open the door all eyes are turned to his Excellency, who has been hidden in the recesses of the strange machine, which was one of the early ancestors of our elegant broughams. The Cardinal steps out. He is very short and thin, but bears well the weight of sixty years. His dark hair is streaked with grey. His face is one that denotes great power—a broad and massive forehead, a well shaped Roman nose, and large bright eyes. His mouth, surrounded by very scant brown moustaches and beard, is well formed and pleasing. His figure cannot be called graceful, his head is out of proportion with his body,

and there is a sort of simplicity and indifference to appearance about him that almost looks like bad breeding. But as he returns with great modesty the homage he receives at every side, you see that his thoughts had been elsewhere, and that it is only dislike of the honour which makes him less profuse in his smiles. His countenance is anything but austere, rather pleasant and cheerful. Strangers, who evidently do not understand Italian, some who look not unlike Englishmen in disguise, watch with intense interest his every movement. And if you ask your neighbour who he is, he answers with a look of disdainful wonder—"Cardinal Bellarmine!" He has come to preach, as he was often accustomed in the afternoon, in the church from which he derives his title. The Cardinal did not like merely honorary distinctions; and if he had to wear the honour, he took care to fulfil the obligations too. The building is very plain, but not many years will pass before, out of his scanty means, the Titular will restore and adorn it. We shall have a better chance perhaps of hearing him, when, like Baronius, or Tarugi, he, at Clement the Eighth's bidding, preaches in some larger church.

His fame has travelled far and wide, and no foreign name is oftener mentioned in Oxford or Cambridge than that of the terrible Bellarmine. With the Pope, he bears the brunt of the coarse invective of every town and country preacher in England and Scotland, in Protestant Germany, or of the half military ministers in the Dutch camp. Fynes Morrison, Esq., of the University of Cambridge, recounts his stolen visit to the Jesuit athlete at greater length than he gives to a description of any of the works of art and beauties of nature he met with in his European tour. One would as soon have thought of leaving Rome without visiting the Coliseum as of missing the chance of seeing Bellarmine.

Then he had been known personally as a preacher of extraordinary success before a hair had come on his chin, and Louvain the learned has sat under the pulpit of one who was not yet a priest, and who had hardly ceased to be a scholar. Padua, Genoa, Venice, dainty Florence, had crowded to hear him when but a mere youth. His preaching was simple and unstudied, the fruit of prayer, drawing upon the stores of a most retentive and brilliant mind.

There was a burning question in the air, and though the occupations of the Jubilee turned the world's thoughts in other

directions, people were full of the great controversy on grace. Bellarmine's views were clearly known, his side was naturally with the Society of Jesus, but all respected him as a man of uncompromising honesty, and Father Scaglia, afterwards created Cardinal, of the Order of St. Dominic, was his very special friend. Perhaps the love and devotion of the great theologian to the Saint of the Rosary, the annals of whose order formed his favourite reading, had something to do with this friendship. But his great charity, his gentleness, by no means natural to him, almost prevented his having any enemies. Almost, for no one ever has lived without having some, and there was one of the Sacred College who would not even act with common courtesy towards Bellarmine. Matters had gone so far, that his best friends urged him to take some steps to protect his character from the evil tongue of this Cardinal. "Better is one ounce of charity than one hundred pounds of reputation," was his ready answer. He was the fast friend of Baronius and Tarugi, and when the great annalist died, he wept as he had never wept over the loss of those nearest and dearest to him. Baronius was, after St. Charles Borromeo, his model in the Cardinalate. And just as Baronius remained ever a child of the Oratory, spite of his scarlet robes, so too did Bellarmine keep with fresh care the Jesuit rules when he had been forcibly taken from religious life. The nephew of Pope Marcellus the Second, grand-nephew of Julius the Third, connected with the families of the Nobili and the Tarugi, Robert Bellarmine had chosen the Society of Jesus as a safe refuge from ecclesiastical dignity, for no Pope had then gone against the wishes of St. Ignatius, or the vows of his sons. And when resistance to Clement's orders were impossible, he never ceased sighing to be free from his oppressive dignity, and by the largeness of his bounty, the poverty of his apartments, of his dress, of his equipages, showed that he never had foresworn his affection to *la Madre Povertà*. This Jubilee year, after the solemn vespers on the eve of SS. Peter and Paul, the Sacred College, as is the custom, who had attended in the vestments of their respective orders, accompanied the Sovereign Pontiff back to the Vatican Palace. Bellarmine's servant, who had care of his *cappa magna*, had fallen asleep, and it was not forthcoming. He waited a quarter of an hour without a word or sign of impatience, talking quietly to the prelates who had stayed to keep him company. Once only

he asked—"Where is my *cappa*?" His Maestro di Camera did not take it so patiently, but gave the poor servant warning on the spot. Bellarmine would with difficulty consent to this, and had him in his service again before two days were over.

Among so many Catholics, gathered from all Christendom, in the centre and focus of the Church, we are not surprised to meet with God's special servants, men on whom one day He will set His seal by raising them out of their lowliness to be a light and example to all. St. Charles, St. Philip, St. Felix of Cantalice were in Rome the last Jubilee. The house of the Vallicella was still fragrant with the fresh odour of its holy founder's sanctity. It was only five short years since he had gone to God, and Ancina, and Consolini, and Saluzzi, and Talpa, not to speak of the two Oratorian Cardinals, followed close in the footsteps of St. Philip.

The Capuchins had for their General the Blessed Laurence of Brindisi. The latter half of the Jubilee year, among the most sedulous attendants on the pilgrims at the Trinità dei Pellegrini was a Spanish priest whose beautiful face, and gentle manners must at once attract your attention. This is but his holiday work, for he has been all the rest of the day hard at work among the poorest of the poor, who crowd his new schools, not far off from the hospital. Then he has besides a wider duty, for God has called him to found a fresh Order to maintain the work he has been inspired to begin. St. Joseph de Calasanzo had forty-eight years yet to go through of suffering, of bitterest humiliations, before he should receive his crown. We perhaps may meet him elsewhere, fulfilling the task intrusted to him of instructing the many heretics who had come to Rome as sightseers, and had been conquered by the constant proofs of charity that they met with on every hand.

Then, not far from the old Pantheon—one of the sights that even in a non-sightseeing age, because of its strange conversion, we are sure to visit—there is the Church of St. Mary Magdalen, where live the Fathers Ministers of the Sick, the Crociferi, as I daresay they even then were called. All the early part of this year their sainted founder had been wearing himself out with a devoted band of his children, and the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, in the plague-stricken city of Nola; but towards the close of the Jubilee year he is back again, and we may see St. Camillus of Lellis going from hospital to

hospital, his figure tall, but halting from the wound in his leg, and worn with labours and austerities.

There is too in Rome another child of St. Philip, John Leonardi, who had come from his native city of Lucca to establish his Congregation of the Mother of God, and who had lately done good service in quelling the sad disturbances in the English College, before Father Parsons, who is ruling there now, had taken the office of rector. The aureole of sanctity was even then on the face of Blessed John.

It is but a step from St. Mary Magdalen's to the Church of the Annunziata. We pass by an old building, where Cardinal Caraffa, Paul the Fourth, was living when raised to the Papacy, now a portion of the Roman College of the Society of Jesus. It is only about nine years back since Aluigi, the son of the Marquis of Castiglione, died in one of its rooms. The great fame of his sanctity is spread far and wide, and we enter the modest church to visit his tomb at the altar of the Crucifix. Votive offerings are all about it, fresh flowers are laid on the slab, and we are not alone in our veneration of his sacred relics, though as yet he is not even beatified. The great courtyard, the schoolrooms, the Aula Massima, where he had stood his public examination, his humble cell under the tiles, all recall the noble youth whose virtue hallow the magnificent building which the generous and great-minded Gregory the Thirteenth has just erected. Father Anthony Spinelli, of a great Neapolitan house, whose brother was four years after raised to the purple, was then rector, and under him a brilliant staff of professors, of whom Gregory of Valentia, Michael Vasquez, and Tursellini are the best known. Father Lanczicki, or as we know him best, Lancicius, the well known spiritual writer, was just completing his studies there.

The old house of the Gesù attracts our pious visit, and we pass reverently through the rooms where Ignatius of Loyola and Francis Borgia have so long lived, and from which they not long ago departed. And there their sainted remains still repose, not yet enshrined, but not unhonoured. On the Quirinal hill, close by the new palace of the Popes, which was gradually growing into what Victor Emmanuel found it, there is a little church, and a Novitiate, which is beginning to assume large proportions. It is already known as the Nursery of Saints. The rector, Bartholomew Ricci, had been novice-master to



St. Aloysius; and the body of the young Polish novice, Stanislaus Kostka, is honoured as a *beato* in the Church.

We have mentioned Cardinal Andrea of Austria. He was the grandson of Ferdinand the First of Austria, his father, Ferdinand of Tyrol, having contracted a morganatic marriage with a lady of noble birth. Named Cardinal when but a boy, at seventeen he had played an important part in Church and State, holding for a brief space the reins of the troubled kingdom of the Netherlands, ruling the dioceses of Brixen and Constance. Four times had he been present at the Conclaves, where his illustrious birth gave him an important place. Hardly had he given back to Archduke Albert the sceptre of Belgium, than he hurried disguised to Rome, with only four or five companions, to share the Jubilee. The Pope got scent of it, and after the Cardinal had paid a brief visit to honour St. Januarius at Naples, he was discovered and forced by Clement the Eighth to take up his quarters in the Papal Palace. It had been a year of great mortality to the Sacred College in Rome. The sickle had cut down some of its most illustrious members. Cardinal Radziwill, Bishop of Cracow—who had learned from Father Achilles Gagliardi, the spiritual friend of St. Charles, deep lessons of holiness—had died shortly after his arrival in Rome in the January of this year. Cardinal Priuli, Patriarch of Venice, formerly for so many years Venetian Ambassador at Rome, died the same month. The Cardinal-Bishop of Porto, Inigo Avalos de Arragonia, son of the Marquis of Vasto, died in February. Cardinal Madruccio, the strongest supporter of Spanish interests at Court, long Bishop of his native town of Trent, died in April, and Cardinal Peter Deza, the faithful partizan and the representative of the Catholic King, to whom he owed his honours, had followed his friend in August. Perhaps this was to Cardinal Andrea a *memento mori*; perhaps it was purely a desire to go to heaven in a season of grace that made him look for death that year. It was Cardinal San-Giorgio who conducted him to the Quirinal. A fever came upon him, and the Pope assisted him to the last, saying Mass for him in his sick room, reciting the prayers for the dying by his bed-side, and giving him the Viaticum with his own hands. His Holiness remained by him, with crucifix in hand, encouraging him to persevere, and, at the Prince's request, gave him his Pontifical blessing a second time before he breathed his last, on November the 12th.

In constant succession were the long-drawn processions that, following the example of the Pontiff, went on the visit to the four Basilicas. They came from various towns and cities; no less than four hundred bands of pilgrims arrived in the first six months. Some added to the privations of their journey scourging and chains, and walked barefoot. On the 2nd of October, the Fathers of St. Dominic marshalled a procession so immense in numbers that of the eighteen Cardinals who accompanied it, twelve had to escape from the throng which imperilled their lives. On St. Martin's Day no less than forty thousand people followed the Chapter of St. Peter on the same pious pilgrimage. On the feast of St. Cecilia the Pope went before daybreak to say Mass at her tomb, where, the very year before, her sacred body had been discovered, and in which with his own hands he had placed the cypress coffin that inclosed it, in the splendid shrine of silver. And then he again went the round of the four churches.

At last the year drew to a close. The holy door which had been opened with such pomp on the last day of 1599 was to be closed for another quarter of a century. A severe attack of the gout, from which the Pope was suffering, delayed the ceremony, and he decreed that the Jubilee should continue until it could be performed.

It was the octave day of the Epiphany. Cardinal Antoniano, whose story has been told above, celebrated High Mass at St. Peter's; then the great relics were exposed for veneration. The procession formed, and prelates, bishops, and cardinals passed with the Holy Father through the door of the Basilica. It was really the last time such a procession should ever issue from it, for before twelve years were over the new nave would have risen in the place of the nave then standing, a new *porta sancta* would have been built. The Pope blessed the stones, with the mortar that was ready at hand, and then laid three of them in their place, depositing several coins of gold and silver beneath them. The minor penitentiaries superintended the work, and twelve masons finished it, about three or four in the afternoon. The great loggia did not then exist, but from a balcony outside the atrium Clement the Eighth gave his blessing to the vast multitudes, and the Jubilee of 1600 was ended.

F. G.

AA

## *Experiences in the Prussian Ambulances.*

### III.

BESIDES our work in the ambulance and the dépôt, we had a good deal to do among the sick in the village. From the time of our arrival the inhabitants had sent for us to the sick-beds of their relations; for there was not a French doctor or apothecary in the place, and they had not the courage to call in a *médecin prussien*. As most of these invalids were suffering from dysentery, and were weakly and old, we confined ourselves to giving them a few drops of opium, and some of our wine to strengthen them. They soon became so numerous, however, that I mentioned the subject to the head physician.

"You are quite right," he said; "something must be done. The first thing is for a doctor to undertake the village practice; and as no one appears to have a fancy for it, I will do so myself. But you will have to come with me, brother, and act as interpreter. The medicines for the villagers will have to be delivered gratis by our regimental apothecary, as well as wine and other provisions from the dépôt for the really poor. And, lastly, I must have notice given by the mayor to the inhabitants, that every fresh case is to be at once reported at my quarters here, so that the people may learn the most necessary measures of precaution against the epidemic. I want you, brother, to draw up this notice in French immediately."

The head physician dictated, I wrote and translated, and in an hour it was ready for printing. Besides general directions with regard to cleanliness, it contained a warning not to drink fresh spring-water, and an enumeration of injurious articles of food.

The head physician had had all the springs chemically tested and analyzed, and it was proved that they were all impregnated and poisoned with putrid matter, owing to the thousands of bodies which lay buried close to the village, and even in its yards and gardens.

Many of the peasants told me that they had had dysentery and typhus from drinking a single glass of this water. It was not safe to drink it till it had been first boiled, and mixed, after becoming cold again, with brandy or cognac. Our staff-surgeon, Dr. Z——, sent to A—— for several thousand bottles of seltzer-water for the use of our sick soldiers.

Every day I accompanied him in his rounds through the village

from house to house, carrying the prescriptions and drugs, and in the evening the medicines, wine, and other provisions to the different houses. Poor people! they were indeed badly off. On the 18th of August, the day of the battle of Gravelotte, their village was bombarded, and stormed; the inhabitants fled with their cattle into the woods, and lay there concealed four days, in spite of the rain, while their homes were broken into and plundered by the half-starved soldiers. When the inhabitants returned to the village many of them were already ill from the terror and privation they had suffered. There was not a house in which there was not one or more sick. In one instance a mother of four children died of dysentery, her eldest little boy soon followed her from typhus, and the father, himself sick, was left with the other three. In the next house it was the father who died of dysentery, and a fortnight after, the eldest daughter, a girl of eighteen, the only support of her aged mother, died of typhus, at the same time the two remaining children were struck down by the same disease, and the poor old woman was almost crushed with sorrow. It was pitiful to see her hanging on the looks of the doctor, as if to read in them her children's fate.

In another house four children between the ages of five and ten lay ill with typhus, and one died. Everywhere almost it was the same. I can say, all but positively, that not an inhabitant of the village was spared by one or other of these maladies, and about thirty out of two hundred died in the space of two months. The mortality was very great, too, among the two hundred wounded; eighty of them died in a month. Two Sisters of Mercy died of typhus, two others recovered, five nurses died of it, three were spared. Of the medical men, three were attacked by dysentery, two by typhus, but none of them died. Of our own number, two brothers from G—— were desperately ill of typhus, and two more had to be sent home in a hurry after labouring two months, to escape a similar fate; one of these, the excellent manager of the dépôt, fell sick on the journey at Mayence, first of typhus and then of small-pox. We were, in proportion, the most fortunate in our ambulance, as, with the exception of the last weeks, we always had from sixty to seventy dysentery patients, five or six of whom died the first few days after our arrival, but after that there was scarcely a death; so that even the doctors used to say, "How is it that since the brothers came, nobody will die in the ambulance?" The patients knew very well how it was, and spoke out freely, saying, "The brothers have saved our lives; we should all have died but for them." And whenever a party of convalescents set out for Germany, they thanked the brothers with sobs and tears, kissing their hands, and hardly knowing how to tear themselves from them. And these men were Protestants and Brandenburgers; hardly a single Catholic among them. Certainly they all went away with very good impressions. There was one big giant of a guardsman from Brandenburg, who one day clapped his hands together, and shouted out to his sick comrades,

"Now what do you suppose is the first thing I shall do when I get back to Germany?"

"Go and see your wife and children," said one.

"Wrong!" answered the guardsman.

"Go into a public-house for a glass of beer," was the next guess.

"Wrong again!"

"Well, what is it, then?"

"I shall go into a Catholic church and hear a Catholic service. I want to know why not one of our pastors is to be found before Metz, only Catholic brothers and nuns. I've been thinking about that, and there's something in it that I mean to make out."

The poor fellows, too, who died, were in such good dispositions that nothing better could have been wished for in Catholics. They were praying incessantly and very fervently; they all repeated Acts of Faith, Hope, Charity, and Contrition, after us, and they died with the names of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph on their lips, and kissing our crucifixes which they held in their hands. Yes, if we had hard work, we had great consolation too.

The head physician had been attending the sick in the village, in addition to his own work, for a week, when at last one day he felt ill. We had just got to our house, when he said, "Let me stay here and rest a bit, brother, and I will ask you to give me a glass of wine, I do not feel well."

We were only too glad to receive him, and to place a bottle of our best port before him; he chatted with us cheerfully for an hour, and his indisposition seemed to have passed off. But in the afternoon his servant came to summon a brother to his quarters, who, on his arrival, found the doctor in bed with violent shivering fits. He held out his hand, saying—

"Brother, I beg you to stay and nurse me; I have got typhus."

The brother willingly promised, and he was with him night and day for six weeks; the case was complicated by a violent inflammation of the lungs, which required the most careful nursing. For a long time he lay between life and death, suffering painfully from frequent attacks of suffocation; but this danger was overcome by the injections of morphia, which are so much used now. The case was undertaken by the physician-general from K—, an exceedingly kind old man, and a great friend to the nursing brothers. He used to sit by his patient's bedside, talking on different subjects, and was very fond of turning the conversation on religious topics, though his own opinions, like those of the head physician, were atheistical. He generally began by telling some anecdote against Catholics, and challenging the brother to defend himself. I think one of these numerous conversations is worth relating.

"Brother," he said one evening, "I must tell you something that occurred to me in the holy city of Cologne. I was once there at the Corpus Christi procession. I went from mere curiosity, and to see for



myself whether all that I had heard of the devotion of the people was true. I acknowledge that the procession was splendid, and I was delighted with it. I stood by a great triumphal arch, which had a Latin inscription on both sides. I remember quite well what it was, *Ecce Panis Angelorum, Non mittendus canibus.* I understood the meaning of the words perfectly; but I did not see their application to the feast, so I asked a gentleman standing near me what these words precisely signified. He replied that they were in honour of the Sacrament of the Altar, and that their meaning was, 'Behold the Bread of Angels, or the Bread Which demands angelic purity in those who eat It.'

"Well, and the remainder of the words?' I asked. He smiled scornfully, and said they meant that this Bread ought not to be thrown to dogs.

"And who,' I inquired, 'are meant by dogs?'

"Oh,' replied my informant, 'you Protestants.'

"Now then, brother, that is a little sample of the much-vaunted humility and toleration of Catholics. They put up public inscriptions describing us as dogs. What have you to say to that? Do you approve of it?"

"In the first place, doctor," replied the brother, "I beg to contradict the statement of your Cologne gentleman, which is quite untrue. The words of the inscription are taken from a hymn in honour of the Blessed Sacrament, which was composed by St. Thomas Aquinas in the middle of the thirteenth century, some hundreds of years before the Reformation or the Protestants were thought of; so you see St. Thomas could not have referred to them, neither does the Catholic Church now do so."

"Is that really the case?" exclaimed the physician-general, in great astonishment. "Then I have wronged the Catholics, and I beg their pardon. But now, tell me, brother, you have gone through some studies, I know, do you really believe all the dogmas, old and new, of the Catholic Church, just as the common, uneducated people do?"

"Certainly, doctor; and all the more firmly because I have studied."

"But how can that be, brother? You must submit your reason blindly."

"By no means, doctor. I have just as reasonable grounds for the Catholic faith as for the existence of a God, or for the immortality of the soul."

"Upon my life, I never knew that. But I, for my part, don't believe in the immortality of the soul either. Can you prove it to me?"

"Certainly, doctor, I can prove it; but whether I shall convince you depends on yourself."

"On myself! How can that be?"

"Oh, doctor, it is possible to deny the light of the sun."

The brother adduced all the well-known arguments for the immortality of the soul, but the physician-general would admit none of them. At length the brother said—

“Will you allow me to ask you one question, doctor? Have you had a mother who loved you?”

The physician-general looked startled, and then replied, with evident emotion—

“Yes, I had such a mother.”

“Well, then, doctor, do you believe that a love, so deep, so unselfish, so devoted as a mother’s, lasts only as long as this short, miserable life? Do you, can you believe, that the heart of such a mother, which in her lifetime thought only of her child, wished and prayed only for his good, do you believe that such a love perishes in the grave? Trust me, doctor, your mother loves you still, thinks of you still; she still wishes your good, and if she is with God she prays to Him now for a blessing on you, as she did when she was on earth.”

He did not answer, but unbuttoning his uniform jacket, he drew out a leathern pocket-book, which hung round his neck by a ribbon. He opened it, and took from it an old letter, yellow with age, gave it to the brother, and whilst his tears fell upon his grey beard, the good old man said—

“Look here, brother, as you have spoken to me in this way, I will show you what I have never shown to anybody. This is the last letter my dear mother ever wrote to me. Read it, it is full of words and marks of love, her last words were a blessing for me. They found her in the morning dead in her bed, with the pen in her hand, and this unfinished letter before her.”

The brother read the letter. The last words, written with a trembling, dying hand, and hardly legible, were these—“Farewell, my dear son; God bless you for all your love and goodness to your old mother. I shall never forget you, and with my last breath I will ask God to make you happy, and to keep you from——” There the letter ended; the brother gave it back in silence. The old doctor said nothing either, but when he took leave he pressed his hand more warmly and kindly than ever. From that day he never said another slighting word about religion, indeed he never again mentioned the subject. When, soon after, we left Ste. Marie aux Chênes, he drove us himself in his carriage, a journey of five hours, to Metz, to the railway, and was very desirous to have a remembrance from the brothers, which, however, we were not able to give him.

After the head physician fell sick, the patients in the village were attended by Dr. B——, a real friend and father of the poor, and a fervent Catholic.

One afternoon, when I had been his rounds with him, and we were just coming into the road out of the last cottage, we found the French in a state of great excitement; the men standing in groups, talking and gesticulating violently, the women sobbing and crying. As soon as they

saw us some of them hastened up to us, seized our hands, and cried out, "Doctor, brother, save us!"

"But what is the matter? What is it all about?" we asked, in surprise.

"Oh, they are going to burn the village, and kill us. Save us!"

"But who is going to burn the village?"

"Oh, the Prussians, doctor, the Prussians."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said the doctor, laughing. "Where are these Prussians? I can see none, nor any one else either."

"Look, doctor, look yonder. There they are."

And sure enough, farther down the road we saw an officer and thirty mounted dragoons, with drawn swords, and about twenty pioneers with picks, axes, pitched hoops, and torches. We went straight up to them, and the doctor asked the officer in command what was the meaning of it all.

"I have orders," he answered, "from the General-Commandant N—— to set fire to this village, to make prisoners of all the male inhabitants, and to level the two largest and best houses to the ground, if the criminal is not produced and delivered up in an hour."

"But, in heaven's name, captain, what criminal are you speaking of? We know nothing of any crime or criminal."

"Why, you don't mean to say," said the officer, in astonishment, "that you have not heard what has happened?"

"Not a word."

"Well, that is strange; I will tell you, then. Yesterday the physician-general rode over to Ste. Marie, here, to inspect the ambulances. As soon as he got near the village, several shots were fired at him from a garden; he heard the whistle of the balls. He immediately turned back, and reported the occurrence at the general's head-quarters, saying that there were *franc-tireurs* about. The general is determined to make an example, and I have orders to see that it is done."

"Is that it?" said the doctor, greatly shocked; "and are people to have their houses burnt over their heads because of what has been attempted by two or three villains? And do you know, captain, that there are sick and wounded in every house? Are they to be burnt in them? And if you are to destroy the two best and largest buildings, you will have to begin with our two ambulances, and to turn the sick and wounded Prussians into the street. This shall not be done."

"It must be done," said the officer, shrugging his shoulders. "I can't help it. My orders are positive to see the thing carried into execution at once, and however little I like the business, it must be done."

"Just listen to me, captain," said the doctor. "I am convinced that the whole thing is a mistake; there are no *franc-tireurs* in the village, and the inhabitants are so peaceable and quiet, that I do not believe they would think of firing on a Prussian. Our apothecary and some

other gentlemen go hare-hunting in all directions round the village, and it was very likely a stray shot or so of theirs. Which way was Herr von Langenbeck riding?"

"On the Brié road," replied the officer, "and the shot came from a garden on the right."

"Ah!" exclaimed the doctor, "now I have an idea. Let us go there; it will turn out as I said."

We went to the place, found the garden; and what do you suppose was the explanation? Two young medical students from Berlin, who were attached to my ambulance, and found it rather dull, had got hold of some *chassepôts*, and had been amusing themselves by shooting at a target. The young *étourdis* had got wind of the affair, so when we arrived the birds were flown, and the nest was empty; but there on the spike of the garden railing was stuck the well-riddled helmet of a fallen Prussian, which had been the mark for their balls, and the *chassepôts* were found in their rooms. It was quite clear that the malefactors were good fellows from Berlin. A protocol was registered, signed by the head physician and the witnesses, sealed by the inspector, and handed to the captain of the "army of execution," who gave the word of command, "Mount! March," and off went the terrible Prussians.

The poor villagers breathed again, and the doctor had a laugh over the affair, but it was no laughing matter for the medical students. They were sent for to the sick-bed of the head physician, and got the scolding they richly deserved. "Thanks to your fool's play," he said, "we were nearly having the village burnt down. Unless you conduct yourselves quietly, young gentlemen, we shall have to put you, who are supposed to attend on the sick, in custody, for their safety's sake. I shall not punish you. I leave that to the general, to whom I have sent the protocol with your names. Meanwhile, consider yourselves confined to the house. Adieu!"

Two days after, the general came to the village, and the unlucky lads were brought before him. They were white with fear, and trembling in every limb, expecting nothing less than fifteen years at Spandau. The general treated them to a thundering discourse, and after he had sufficiently enjoyed the terror of the poor fellows, he said, "And now for your punishment, gentlemen!" here he gave a good-natured smile, "Shoot a little better next time! Good-bye; you may go."

Of course there was no more hunting or target-shooting allowed henceforth, but there was a more serious consequence of the affair than this. To insure safety, a company of three hundred soldiers was stationed in the village, a terrible burthen on the sick and plundered inhabitants. In some of the houses as many as thirty were quartered. This event might have had serious consequences, too, for our quondam staff-surgeon. He was very fond of long walks and excursions, and hitherto there had been nothing to prevent his indulging his tastes in that line. He was making one of these expeditions the very day that

the three hundred soldiers came into the village, and it was late in the evening, and dark, when he returned. On he came, never dreaming of sentinels, when he was suddenly saluted by a loud "Halt! Who goes there?" "What's the meaning of this?" cried the doctor, in a fright, looking about to see whether he could have missed the way. Again the sentinel shouted, "Halt! Who goes there? Give the pass-word." But the doctor knew nothing about the pass-word, and gave no answer beyond a suppressed mutter. The Prussian began to get tired of this, and grew suspicious into the bargain. Accordingly he aimed between the doctor's legs, and shot a couple of holes in his cloak. This made him find his voice, and he cried out in mortal terror, "But, for heaven's sake, I am Dr. —, of Berlin, staff-surgeon to the reserve ambulance of the ninth corps; what do you mean by shooting me?" However, he got off with the fright and the holes in his cloak.

Another danger was happily averted from the poor villagers. One day there was an alarm that the cattle disease had broken out; that would indeed have been a heavy blow for the sick and wounded. Hitherto it had only appeared in one stable, and even that was a doubtful case; the French said that it was not "rinderpest," the Prussians said that it was. There was no cattle doctor in the place, so seven suspected cows and oxen were brought out, and slaughtered before the eyes of their weeping friends and owners. However, there were no more cases, and as all the other cows continued healthy, the head physician said, "Hang it! I don't believe those beasts had the disease. I have heard since that they had all drunk from one particular spring into which chloride had been thrown, to disinfect it." However, the thing was done, and no compensation given.

But the cows had a much worse enemy than the cattle plague in a certain inspector, who, whenever there was a lack of meat in the doctor's kitchen, or that of the ambulances, just gave notice to the mayor of the place to take a cow from the first peasant he thought of, and kill it. This mayor was an ill-conditioned fellow, who only took the cows of such peasants as he had a grudge against. Besides this, he truckled to the doctors, and was consequently hated throughout the village. He was prudent enough always to take a couple of soldiers, as a protection, with him, when he made these compulsory requisitions. One day, when I was at the head physicians quarters, I was told that an old woman was outside, who was very anxious to speak to the brother. I went, and found our landlady crying and lamenting. "Oh, brother, come and save my cow; make haste, or it will be too late."

"Your cow?" I said. "Who is going to do anything to her?"

"Oh, it is the mayor—the rascal, the villain, the robber—he is going to kill her. I wish I could scratch out his eyes. My poor beautiful cow! Oh, come quickly, brother, or it will be too late; the soldiers who have come for her are in our house now."

I reflected for a moment, how it would be possible to get the poor woman's cow out of the inspector's hands; then I said to her—



"Look here. I will buy both your cows for two francs. As long as I remain here they are mine, and nobody can take them from you. When I go away, I will sell them to you again. I can save them for you in that way. Do you consent?"

"Ah, that I do, with all my heart. I only hope my cow is still alive. Oh, be quick, be quick, only think if my poor cow should be dead after all!"

I gave her the two francs as the price of the cows, telling her to make haste home, and to tell the mayor that the Prussian brother had bought her cows, and that therefore he could not meddle with them. Then I went and complained to the head physician that the inspector was seizing the milch cows in the village, and having them killed.

"Oh, that won't do," he said. "I cannot allow that. We cannot possibly do without milk for the wounded. I will tell the inspector so myself."

"I then confided to him that I had bought the two cows of the people of our house, to save them.

"That's right!" he said, and he readily signed the deed of purchase which I laid before him. Then I took it to the inspector for him to sign it, and seal it with the Prussian seal. After giving him a snub *en passant*, by telling him that the head physician would not have the cows killed, I hastened with the document to the house, where I arrived just as the mayor was having the cows driven off. The man was half tipsy, and blustering a good deal.

"Mr. Mayor," I said suddenly, "what do you want here?"

He turned towards me with a bewildered air, and said, "Nothing with you, sir, nothing at all."

"Then be so good as to leave my cows where they are."

"Your cows, parson! Why, they are not yours."

"Oh, yes, they are. I have bought them; here is the deed."

The fellow (he was an inefficient, discarded schoolmaster) put on his horn spectacles, and read out the document to the assembled company with an air of stupid astonishment. After he had finished, he solemnly folded up the paper, saying, "It is all in correct form and style. The cow belongs to you; take her back to the stable. This is all fair dealing, sir, I suppose?"

"What!" I cried angrily, "do you mean to insult me? You see the signatures of the head physician and the commandant, perhaps they are not acting fairly? You had better take care, Mr. Mayor, or you will have to answer to the first of these gentlemen, and you might find yourself in an awkward position."

One of the brothers was standing at a window, and saw that I was having a dispute with the mayor; so wishing to come to my assistance, he jumped out, and holding up his finger threateningly, said, "Listen to me, Mr. Mayor. I have three brothers who are officers in the Prussian army, and if you are not quiet directly it will be the worse for you."

The mayor was about to begin a longer discourse, but as we had no desire to hear it, we went into the house.

The peasants had heard what I said, and when the mayor attempted to force his way into another house, and drive off some cattle, they would not let him in, but called out—"Did you not hear, Mr. Mayor, that the commandant has forbidden the cattle to be killed? Just try to take one from us, if you dare!" and they shook their clenched fists in his face.

What could he do? From that day there were no more cattle slaughtered in the village, and we had the whole of the credit. As for the people of our house, they were so full of gratitude that more than once when the inspector left us without any meat, they killed, one after the other, two of their sheep, and a sucking-pig for our dinners, and when we remonstrated, saying that surely we could live without eating meat one day, they said—

"No, no; you saved our cows, and now the pig shall die for you."

About this time, that is to say, towards the middle of our stay at Ste. Marie aux Chênes, our dépôt was so liberally enriched by gifts from Germany, that we were able to supply necessities not only to our ambulance, but to the patients in the village.

One day the inspector came to us, and said—"Brother, there is a Russian captain down below, asking where the religious brothers from X— live."

We were very anxious to know what he wanted with us, and gave him the best reception we could in our humble room. He told us his name, saying he came from Southern Germany, and was commissioned by the Queen and Prince of S— to deliver into our hands two waggon-loads of charitable gifts for our ambulance. The Queen had seen a letter from Ste. Marie aux Chênes, from which, and also from the account of an eye-witness, the Prince of Hesse, she had learnt what great misery there was among the wounded here.

Imagine our delight! We established the friendly captain in our best room, and he was soon quite at home in our cheerful circle.

The supplies consisted of about fifty chests of provisions and new clothes. The captain returned home on the third day, taking with him letters of thanks from the brothers to the Queen and the Prince of S—, the head of the Sanitary Association of X—. He had, however, liked his stay with us so well, that he promised to come, at least once more, to see us. He kept his word too; the fields were all covered with snow, and it was piercingly cold when the captain re-appeared, looking like a Polar bear in his Russian travelling-costume, and bringing in two more waggon-loads of charitable gifts.

The Prince of S— had already sent us word by a brother who was coming to us from Germany, that we had only to call out for help, and something more would come; but we had not done so, partly out of modesty, and partly because our work was coming to

an end, and there was less pressing want now. However, he had remembered us. When the brother I have just mentioned requested letters of authorization for himself and his companions, the Prince inquired—

“Do all of your brothers wear the habit?”

“Certainly, your Royal Highness, we never go without it.”

“Ah, that is well,” said the Prince, “then we will give you the letters with great pleasure; you know that we have to be very careful when we have to do with other volunteer nurses.”

This shows the great change that had taken place in the feeling towards us since the beginning of the campaign.

One of our letters got by some chance, in a roundabout way, into the hands of the president of the Central Aid Society, and the result was the sending of six or eight waggon-loads of gifts to Ste. Marie aux Chênes. But we did not receive them all. When the brother who superintended the dépôt opened the chests, he found that they had all been forced open and half emptied. One chest was labelled, “fifty bottles of wine,” but there were only twenty; the rest was all straw. Another was marked, “forty-five bottles of Cognac,” fifteen were left, and the empty space filled up with old rags. It was the same with every chest. Who was the thief? I cannot say; the doctors expressed their suspicions freely enough, certainly; but I shall give no opinion. None but those who saw it with their own eyes, have a notion of the enormous extent to which those gifts were stolen, which the generous German nation sent to her gallant wounded sons.

It was impossible, when the brother managed the dépôt in the liberal spirit which the head physician desired, but that sometimes persons should claim relief, who neither needed nor deserved it; but our wary brother put them off with fair words and gracious assurances. Only once did one of these gentry succeed in carrying off a prize. A certain lieutenant, who had heard of the abundant fountain which flowed in the head physician's quarters, resolved to get a draught of it. One day the brother who was nursing the head physician heard a knock at the door, and before he could open it, in walks the lieutenant.

“Your servant, brother,” he began, never noticing the doctor in the bed; “I believe I have the pleasure——”

“But, lieutenant, do you not know that this is the head physician's room, who is ill with typhus?”

“What? a typhus patient!”—and with one bound the terrified lieutenant was on the other side of the door again; his face was full of alarm, and he kept his nostrils closed with his fingers as he said—  
“For God's sake, brother, tell me if I have caught it?”

“I should say not—but might I ask your business?”

“Ah, yes, to be sure; you see I just wanted to visit the wounded here.”

"Then, if you will be so kind as to step this way," said the brother, and he was just going to open another door, when this hero stopped him with these words—

"No, no! pray don't! no doubt there are more typhus patients there."

"Oh no, lieutenant, you may be quite easy."

"Typhus is very catching and dangerous, isn't it?"

"Oh dear yes; very much so. You may catch it in a minute, and in five days you are a dead man."

"Shocking, terrible!" said the lieutenant, running downstairs; then once more turning back, he asked—"Where shall I find the brother who has charge of the dépôt of charitable gifts?"

"He is absent just at this moment, but I can give him any message you wish."

"Well, if you will be so good. You see I am an officer who look after my men; and as the surrender of Metz is approaching, I am anxious to get them in good heart and spirits, and as I have heard that the brother has good Cognac, and tobacco, and cigars——"

"But, my dear sir, it cannot be done. We cannot supply all your soldiers. How much do you want exactly?"

"Oh, not more than about one hundred bottles of Cognac, and a thousand cigars for the men; and something for the officers."

"Impossible! there is not as much in the whole dépôt just now; we should have nothing left for our own sick and wounded."

"Oh, as to the sick," said the gallant warrior, "such things are very bad for them."

"Not a bit of it, lieutenant; on the contrary, we are very glad to get anything of the sort for them. I really can give you no hope; it is out of the question."

With these words the brother was just dismissing the modest lieutenant, when, unluckily, just then a staff-surgeon came downstairs, and the gentleman made his application to him so importunately, pressingly, and audaciously, that by means of this doctor he really did manage to get twenty bottles of Cognac and some cigars for the officers.

I afterwards asked this lieutenant's soldiers whether their officer was very kind and fatherly in his care of them, and this was the answer—

"He! He cares for nobody but himself; we have to hunt up all the delicacies we can for him, and he keeps four men cooking for him all day long; then on out-guard duty, when one is half dead with marching and standing sentry, we have to make him a wooden hut, and put an inclosure round it. He does grind the men down! That was their account.

To make up for their disappointment we gave the poor fellows shirts, stockings, drawers, and flannel belts, for which we had hundreds of pieces in store; presents which they valued more than a glass of

Cognac. Then a sergeant came forward, and requested—a blessed medal, and as soon as he had received it, twenty more were asking for some; and we were distributing them incessantly. We could have got them to confession with very little difficulty, and it was a real sorrow to our father, that he had no jurisdiction over these men.

Towards the close of our stay, we were surprised and delighted by a second visit from the Very Rev. Father B—. He came, counted his sons, and found that the Suabians still numbered seven. He then visited our charges; and as most of the wounded at Ste. Marie aux Chênes were either dead or sent to Germany, while our typhus ambulance contained only thirty convalescents, our little *corps d'armee* received marching orders. The sick and convalescent were to go home, and the new arrivals to be sent to other ambulances. The sick brothers from G— stayed the longest, as our kind doctor would not let them travel yet.

On our departure, we met with the utmost friendliness and gratitude from every one: Knights of St. John, doctors, patients, nurses, and villagers. We, too, were sorry to part, for we had received affection and kindness from all of them. One of the knights, Herr Von S—, who had always treated us with the greatest courtesy and generosity, said to us, with tears in his eyes, on our taking leave of him, that he could never say how glad he was to have known the brothers, and seen their self-sacrificing energy. The head physician, Dr. B—, of A—, to whom we owe so much on our side, declared that he was indebted for his life solely to us and our nursing. All the other doctors also bore verbal and written testimony to the brothers, that they had discharged their duties with the greatest devotion, and the most indefatigable zeal. This favourable opinion was much strengthened by the circumstance of our never having had an accident with any of our typhus patients, such as did occasionally happen in other ambulances. Quite at the end of our stay, we were saved, by God's good providence, from a great difficulty. The doctor then acting as head physician had sent for a brother from our ambulance to nurse an officer in typhus. We considered the matter, and determined to remonstrate, as he was wanted for the nursing of our own brothers. The staff-surgeon, however, would not admit our objections, and insisted on his wish.

The end of it was, that seeing no other way out of it, I said positively—"Doctor, I am just as responsible to my superiors for the lives of the brothers, as you are to yours for the lives of your patients. I cannot and will not allow this brother to be taken away from nursing our sick brothers." He had to give in, though not without pique; and a military nurse was sent to the officer. That very night, the officer, who belonged to a good family in Berlin, had cut his throat; the nurse had fallen asleep, and the poor man was found in the morning covered with blood. Fortunately the wound was not deep, and had not injured the windpipe, so that he might still be saved. Another



nurse was appointed; even he too slept, and on the second night the patient did the same thing, and so deeply this time that it was all over.

Another officer, also in typhus, jumped out of the window in the night, and ran away in his shirt. He was found dead two days after, some distance in the country.

A third officer, ill of the same fever, got up in the night, while his nurse slept, dressed himself, buckled on his sword, and took a cocked pistol in each hand to shoot any one who should attempt to stop him. He was just stepping quietly out of the room, when the nurse awoke. The officer held a pistol to his breast, saying—"If you make the least noise, or attempt to stop me, I will shoot you dead." The man kept quiet, and the officer got away unobserved, and after a six hours' walk reached his regiment; then he sank down fainting, was brought back, and died next day.

Once, however, we were very nearly having a similar accident in the case of our sick brother from G——. His nurse, who had been dozing a little from weariness, woke suddenly, and saw his patient standing at an open window. He was at his side in a moment, and so, thank God, was able to save him.

## *The Fortunes of Virgil.*

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A POET'S lot, even in our own days of multitudinous readers and enlightened criticism, is often hard and difficult. The precious fruits of many a great genius have to be brought to light with severe struggles—not only with that labour of the brain and toilsome industry which is requisite in every human work of any kind that is destined to live, but also in the face of other difficulties which are independent of the worker's own efforts, the external difficulties which bar his path to publicity and prepare for him a chilling or a hostile reception when he has once forced his way into light. The great Roman poet whose name is mentioned at the head of this paper had, no doubt, many a painful hour of toil over his mighty work. His biographer tells us that he dictated daily a large number of verses which he had composed in that precious morning time which Walter Scott used to steal from his busy day to employ in toil of the same sort, that then he spent many hours in polishing and reducing them greatly in number, and that he used of the process that time-honoured simile of the bear licking her cubs into shape which many of us may be surprised to find to be as ancient as the days of Augustus.

The same authority tells us that Virgil intended to write his whole *Æneid* first in prose, and then put it into verse, and, that he might not be delayed when the spirit of composition was on him, he left a weak verse here and there, afterwards to be strengthened, which was to serve as scaffolding until the real supports of the fabric could be worked in. He spent eleven years, as it was, over the *Æneid*, and he had intended to spend three more in correcting and improving it, for which purpose it was that he undertook the journey to Asia and Greece in which he died. This is what we are told of the actual labour employed by Virgil in his composition. It is impossible, indeed, for even a superficial reader of the *Æneid* not to be aware of the immense learning which has been brought

to bear upon the poem. Most great poets are more or less learned—at least, most great poets of the class of which Virgil is the king—and the Roman poets surpass the Greek poets in this respect. Perhaps no one ever so completely mastered and concealed his learning as Virgil. You feel that it is there, that every epithet and note, for instance, which he attaches to the mention of Italian places or persons, has a foundation in history and antiquity, and yet there is no display. He gives the cream of the thought and study of years in a line or two, as simple and spontaneous, to all appearance, as if they had been the chance utterances of a child about his playthings, just as Shakspeare pours forth his knowledge about birds or flowers or dogs.

In this respect, then, Virgil's great poem was a painful and laborious work. But, on the other hand, he had no difficulties with his public or his publishers. They, indeed, were more anxious to get at him than he to get at them. He kept them waiting for an unexampled length of time, and then, dying suddenly, before he had put his last touches to his work, he would have had it burnt had it not been for his friends. His poem was, indeed, in a certain sense, written by command. But no Augustus in the world could ever have made a genius like Virgil work as he must have worked at the *Æneid*, unless the task had been thoroughly congenial to the poet. Virgil, like so many other great poets, was himself the expression of the spirit to which, if he did not create it, he gave its noblest expression and so its most lasting power—the Roman spirit. It breathes in every line. In this sense, the poem was "commanded" by the spirit of the age in which he lived and of the imperial people whose greatness he sang. The whole history and destiny of Rome are embodied in his verse, which is the natural issue, we may say the inevitable fruit, of those many centuries of gradual growth from within, which at last, in the days of Augustus, expanded into that mighty unity which held the whole known world in peace, and prepared the paths along which the Apostles of the one truly endless Empire were to pass. We may almost say that Rome required her Virgil, as heroic Greece gave birth to her Homer. Shakspeare's conception of England is not more perfect and exact than Virgil's conception of Rome. We seem to see the feeling of this truth in the veneration with which even the men of his

own time regarded Virgil, and in the universal interest which the composition of his work excited. While it was in progress it was talked about, and written about, and inquired about, even by Augustus himself.<sup>1</sup> It is true that Virgil had achieved greatness before the *Æneid* was thought of—not merely the greatness intimated in the lines of Horace—

Molle atque facetum  
Virgilio annuerunt gaudentes rure Camæna;

that is, the greatness of a master in one particular line of poetry—but that greatness of which those who pay homage to it can hardly give an account, the presence of which men feel and acknowledge, though it may have as yet done but little to assert itself. The author of the Dialogue *de Oratoribus* tells us that when Virgil chanced one day to be present at the Theatre, and some verses of his were recited, the whole audience rose as if he had been Augustus himself. Donatus<sup>2</sup> adds that on the rare occasions on which he left his beloved Campania and came to Rome, he was so pointed at and mobbed, that he had to fly to hide himself. But the *Æneid* at once made its mark, and was acknowledged as the greatest Roman poem. This is proved too in the incidental evidence of contemporary and immediately subsequent writers. Ovid leads the way, but a few years after the publication of the poem—"Quo nullum Latio clarius exstat opus."<sup>3</sup> The works of the same poet, as well as the History of the prose-poet, Livy, show frequent evidences of the influence of the phraseology and cadences of the *Æneid*. Seneca's references to it show

<sup>1</sup> The well known lines of Propertius—

Actia Virgilio custodis litora Phœbi,  
Cæsaris et fortes dicere posse rates,  
Qui nunc Æneæ Trojanaque suscitât arma  
Jactaque Lavinis mœnia litoribus,  
Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Graii,  
Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade!

were written while the *Æneid* was being composed, and show the public knowledge of the progress of the poem as well as of Virgil's original intention (see *Georg.* iii. 46) to celebrate the victories of Augustus—an intention only carried out, in the actual poem, in the celebrated description of the battle of Actium on the shield of Æneas. The letter of Augustus, written when he was at war in Spain, inquiring about the poem, and Virgil's answer, are mentioned by Macrobius, *Sat.* i. 24, 11.

<sup>2</sup> *Vita Virgilio*. It need hardly be said that the authorship of the work is uncertain.

<sup>3</sup> *Art. Am.* iii. Ovid mentions it also, *Am.* l. i. and *Hist.* l. i. 2. It is Ovid who in the same work says, "Virgilium vidi tantum." He was twenty-four when Virgil died.

how well it was known; and the same may be said of Juvenal.<sup>4</sup> Scenes from Virgil were acted on the stage: Nero made a vow to dance in the character of Turnus if he escaped the conspiracy against him. Homer and Virgil were recited at banquets. In Martial's time, Virgil's poems, among others, were a fashionable present. The walls of Pompeii still bear many inscriptions taken from the *Æneid*. In short, there is every reason for thinking that Virgil stepped at once into that pre-eminent popularity which he has ever retained to a degree which can be asserted of no other poet. We do not know what fate may be in store for him if modern ideas about the uselessness or mischief of classical literature should ever gain the influence which some are so anxious that they should possess. Should the next generation have the misfortune to be brought up in ignorance of Virgil, it will be almost the first generation that has ever been so brought up, and at the same time pretended to education, since the days of the poet himself.

This curious fact of the unrivalled position which Virgil has obtained in literature is due to causes which are interesting in themselves, and, in some measure, independent of his merit as a poet. We do not mean to say that Virgil could have held his high place but for his poetic genius, but that all his genius might not have sufficed except for the operation of the causes of which we speak. It was his fortune to come just at the time when Rome and the language of Rome were almost equally in need of him, but under different aspects. Rome had made herself, or rather, Providence had long prepared her for her mission in the world. She required a poet to sum up her history and her character in her own spirit, and hand them on as models for any imperial race that might arise when her day was spent. The Latin language had a service to render to the human mind as well as that of Greece, and to make it more perfectly fit for this service was the task, a part of which Virgil had unconsciously to fulfil.

It is not our purpose in this present paper to attempt an estimate of Virgil as a poet. We believe that the generation

<sup>4</sup> Juvenal (*Sat.* vi.) makes the great lady he is attacking a would be critic—  
Laudat Virgilium, peritura ignoscit Elise;  
Committit vates, et comparat, inde Maronem  
Atque alia in parte in trutina suspendit Homerum.

in which we live, which has been so much distinguished, at least in England, for its Homeric studies, has been rather unfair to Virgil; his star has been under an eclipse, from which it will soon emerge. It is idle to judge of him except from his greatest work; the *Bucolics* and *Georgics* are great, but they could never have made the Virgil of literature and history. But it has been the fashion to consider the *Æneid* as a forced work, a task which the poet undertook against his own taste, a poem into which his heart is not thrown, and in which the natural light of his genius is somewhat discoloured. Thus it has become common to disparage Virgil altogether. Other reasons might be named, which have militated against his pre-eminence; for example, the great number of instances in which he is a copyist, taking images and descriptions and incidents from Homer and other writers. But it must be remembered that the whole of Roman literature and education were deeply tinged with Hellenism, and that a poet like Virgil would have been out of harmony with the ideas of his audience if he had not made his poems a sort of version, as to incidents, of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and if he had not transferred the favourite passages of each of them more or less faithfully to his own pages. No doubt in many respects he is throughout an echo and a copyist; but it may well be that the very highest genius is more severely tasked to echo and to copy as he did, and yet make the whole as entirely Roman as his original was entirely Greek, than to produce a perfectly original poem by studiously neglecting all that had been done before him.

But, as we have said, we are not now writing an essay on Virgil's merits or position as a poet. It is certain that he might have been very great as a poet, and yet never have attained the literary position which it has been his lot to occupy, but for the perfection to which he brought the poetical language of Rome. If he had written, let us say, as Lucretius wrote, he could not have been the poet of the schools and of the grammarians, to whom, as it happens, he has owed a large portion of his celebrity. In the time of Lucretius, the Latin language had not received that polish and cultivation which was required to make it a perfect vehicle for epic poetry, nor, indeed, had it run through all its stages of development, whether for poetry or for prose. Cicero made it what it is, tasked it and tried it to the utmost, in oratory and philosophy. It may never have risen, it may never have been capable of rising, to the



level of the Greek, as an adequate clothing for such thoughts and arguments as those of Plato and Demosthenes. But Cicero, who was as much under Greek influence as Virgil was, is the master of Latin prose; he prepared the way for Livy and Tacitus, and those three names almost exhaust the list of the golden prose authors of the language. Virgil's position as to the language of Latin poetry, is exactly analogous to that of Cicero as to that of Latin prose. In the matter of language he went far beyond all who preceded him—unless we are to except Terence—and all who followed him were in a sense his children, as Pindar calls all Greek poets the sons of Homer. Thus his book became at once "*testo de lingua*," as the Italians have it. The age which followed him was an age in which grammarians and rhetoricians reigned supreme. There was an immense development of literary education, and Virgil's book was put into the hands of children, along with that of Homer for Greek, while rules of grammar were familiarly explained and illustrated by quotations chiefly from him. Quintilian tells us that Virgil and Homer were the first reading books, and remarks that although the children could not understand the beauties of the poets, it was still something to have the noble sentiments which they inspire made familiar even in childhood. Thus the young Romans had the incontestable advantage of learning to read out of the very best books in their language, and the foundation for their universal acquaintance with Virgil was laid at the very beginning of their intellectual lives.

But it was not only as a master of language and as an exact authority on grammatical matters that Virgil was used in instruction, he was also considered a perfect master of rhetoric. Most modern, and certainly almost all Englishmen—who, as far as can be gathered from their educational systems, appear to think that the art of speaking and arguing is something so absolutely natural as to be impaired by rules and training—cannot understand the immense space filled in what answered to intellectual society under the Roman Empire by the cultivation of rhetoric in all its developments. It is strange enough, when we consider that those were precisely the times in which there was no scope for real eloquence, unless it were to be found in the law courts; there were no popular assemblies, and, of course, no pulpits. The most eloquent of the Romans was silenced by the

swords of the triumvirs, and if Cicero had come to life a dozen times over in as many generations there would always have been the sword of a Caesar ready to avenge the quarrel of Mark Antony. Nevertheless, rhetoric was all the rage in that strange Roman world, and, like the grammarians, the teachers of rhetoric found no authors more to their purpose as a model than the authors of the *Iliad* and the *Æneid*. It would have been well for Roman poetry if rhetoric had been content to learn from great poets, instead of invading the chair of poetry itself. But after Virgil himself, it is difficult to find a single Roman poet who does not show the bad influence of rhetorical declamation. This is the vice of Lucan, Silius Italicus, and even of Statius.

It may be asked with some surprise, why the students and cultivators of Roman rhetoric did not have recourse rather to Cicero than to Virgil as their model and the source of their inspiration. One answer would seem to be, that Cicero was too practical; he was an orator with whom words were meant to lead to action. Under the Empire the declaimers had to content themselves with subjects which were far enough removed from actual life to secure these idle orators of the schools and the lecture-rooms from any suspicion of a practical import in their harangues. The characters in Homer and Virgil open a large and safe field to students of this kind. This, however, is only one answer out of several which might be given. In his speeches, and even in the rest of the poem, Virgil is a consummate master of the art of persuasion, of appeals to the feelings, suggestion of motives, and the whole use of "topics." A poet of such a class is more handy in many ways than an orator for a teacher of rhetoric, and his lines or half lines, especially when he has furnished the common school-book, occur to the memory or fix themselves there with a facility which cannot be attained by the sentences of a prose orator. Again, Virgil's knowledge of the human heart may not be so great, at least we have not so much evidence of its greatness, as that of Shakspeare, but the *Æneid* is the work of a master in this respect. It must be something more than the chance recollections of school-boy studies on the part of great English speakers which has made them so Virgilian in their quotations—as Canning with his

Quos ego—sed motos præstat componere fluctus,

or Chatham, who muttered, as he passed to his seat—

At Danaum proceres, Agamemnoniæque phalanges,  
Ut videre virum fulgentiæque arma per umbras  
Ingenti trepidare metu,

or Peel, twitting Macaulay for his "Windsor Castle" address, with

Ut belli signum Laurenti Turnus ab arce,

or Gladstone, using the line beginning

Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor,

or—

Venit summa dies et ineluctabile tempus,

or the number of speakers who have used again and again such well known passages as the "Tu regere imperio populos," or "His saltem accumulem donis," or "Hunc saltem everso juvenem succurrere sæclo," and the like. Whatever the cause, the fact of Virgil's pre-eminent authority, and of his establishment in the rhetorical schools as well as in those of the grammarians, as the chief source of the illustrations of the masters, seems quite indisputable.

It would appear that a reaction was attempted. In the time of the Antonines there was a "movement," as we should call it, to oust Virgil and the other Augustan authors in favour of the earlier Latin writers, who are so inferior to them, at all events in point of language. The chief authority in this movement was Aurelius Fronto, the teacher of Antoninus Pius, and the movement itself seems to have been connected with a fashion in accordance with which archaisms and obsolete words were introduced into speeches and writings, in which, moreover, obscurity was affected under the name of profundity. Fronto's writings were on grammar and style, and he quotes the older poets to the exclusion of the Augustan poets. He recommends his imperial pupil to study Plautus, Accius, Lucretius, and Ennius. Virgil was more favoured by him than others, but he seems to have done his best to send even Virgil to Coventry. The movement had not any great influence on general literature, which was decaying fast enough without its help: it seems to have lasted longer in Gaul than elsewhere. Aulus Gellius, the author of the *Noctes Atticæ*, affects antiquarianism, and makes small account of the writers in his own line who belong to

the Augustan era. If the movement against the poets of that era had been able to touch the pre-eminence of Virgil, there would be traces enough of this, probably, in the *Noctes Atticæ*, but although Gellius may have been quite unable to appreciate Virgil as a poet, he treats him with the greatest respect as a master of style and of language. The criticism of the time did not go beyond a comparison of various passages in which Virgil had imitated Homer, Pindar, or others, with the originals; but it had independence enough to acknowledge the inferiority of Virgil in many cases.

Altogether, Virgil maintained his position even in this age of declension. The Emperor Hadrian is said by Spartian to have preferred Ennius to Virgil, as he preferred Lucilius to Horace, and Cato to Cicero; but this is noted as exceptional. There can be little doubt that the high authority attributed to Virgil was so attributed on the score of the perfection of his language, and that his possession of the schools was the ground of his popularity in a time when few people seem to have been capable of rightly valuing him as a poet. There is a grammatical work extant of Nonius Marcellus, a writer who lived towards the end of the third century, and whose chief merit is that he embodies the opinions of authors more ancient than himself. The latest poet whom he quotes is Martial, and his pages contain many citations from the authors of the Republican period. But Virgil holds by far the first place. The others are Cicero, Plautus, Terence, Varro, Lucilius, Accius, Afranius, Ennius, Lucretius, Sallust, Pacuvius, Pomponius, Cæcilius, Nævius, Novius, Turpilius, Titinius, Laberius, and Livius Andronicus. The absence of the Augustan authors is very notable; and the same—Virgil always being excepted—is to be remarked as to the quotations in the *Noctes Atticæ*.<sup>5</sup>

Another proof of the great popularity of Virgil, even in the ages of decadence, as well as of the familiarity with him which was possessed by all educated persons, may be drawn conjointly from the practice of consulting the *Sortes Virgilianæ*, and of making poems on subjects of all sorts, which were and were called *Centones*, compositions in which the lines

<sup>5</sup> This statement is made on the authority of Signor Comparetti's *Virgilio nel Medio Evo*, t. i. pp. 60, 61, to whose work we are largely indebted throughout the whole of this paper.

were made up of patchwork quotations from Virgil. We hear of the *Sortes Virgilianæ* in the life of Hadrian, already mentioned. The "Centos," in particular, could only be fabricated when it was a perfectly common thing to know Virgil by heart from beginning to end. The same use had long before been made of the verses of Homer. In Tertullian's time there was a tragedy, *Medea*, made up in this way from Virgil, and in the fourth century a history of the Old Testament and a poem on our Lord of the same sort existed, not to speak of Victorinus, the Paschal Hymn, and the poem of Sedulius on the Incarnation.<sup>6</sup> Unfortunately, the verses of Virgil, generally one of the most modest of ancient poets, were sometimes used for a purpose not so good as that of Sedulius, as in the case of the Emperor Valentinian and the poet Ausonius. It is obvious how very much, not only the composers of such cantos, but those to whom they were addressed, must have had the whole of Virgil in their memory. The success of such productions, as of parodies, must always depend on the ability of the audience or of the reader to enjoy—as far as that word may be used—the skilful application and interweaving of the adapted lines or sentences.

Another head of argument as to the popularity and predominance of Virgil in the two or three centuries of the latest decadence of the Empire, is to be found in the commentaries written upon him. It is said that commentaries on Virgil were written down to the very end of the middle ages, and the tradition has certainly not ceased. Since the birth of criticism, however, we have had editions instead of commentaries. These last seem to have been handed on from age to age in the schools, but we can never be certain what is of one age and what of another, as successive writers added what it pleased them to the works they professed to reproduce. This is inevitable in all systems of traditional teaching in which there is no principle of authority to secure the older authors from being improved upon by their disciples. The two most famous authors of this class on Virgil whose names remain to us are the Ælius Donatus already alluded to as the biographer of Virgil, and the Servius whose comments are still quoted in editions of the poet.

<sup>6</sup> In the famous decree of Pope Gelasius on the Canon, there is mention of a work of this kind, "Centimetrum de Christo, Virgilianis compaginaturn versibus, apocryphum."

St. Jerome calls Donatus his own "preceptor,"<sup>7</sup> and speaks of his book as in use in the schools in his time. We find in him—as far as we can judge of him from what Servius quotes from him—that exaggerated idea of the (all but) omniscience of Virgil which meets us again and again in later times. The idea of Virgil's immense capacities is as old, almost, as his own time. Martial speaks of him as one who could have been as great as a lyric or a dramatist as he was as an epic poet, if he had but chosen.

Sic Maro nec Calabri tentavit carmina Flacci,  
Pindaricos nosset cum superare modos;  
Et Vario cessit Romani laude cothurni,  
Quum posset tragico fortius ore loqui (viii. 18).

Other supposed proofs of his universal learning might be cited. Donatus seems to have been also bitten with another fancy, afterwards very prevalent—that of the deep philosophical or allegorical meanings which may lie hid under Virgil's smooth verses. Thus he says that the very order in which his poems were composed represents the order of human life in society. The pastoral life comes first, then the agricultural, and then the love of war takes hold of races. Thus the *Bucolics* appear first, then the *Georgics*, and lastly the *Æneid*. Servius himself, whose work remains to us, and was printed in a handsome quarto by Stephanus at Paris in the sixteenth century, is still, as we have said, of use to the critics on Virgil. His work is in great measure—as it was sure to be—a compilation from earlier grammarians, and it has no doubt, also, suffered considerable interpolations and additions during the three centuries or more which elapsed between its first appearance and its modern republication. To us, for the moment, it is useful as showing us what the old schoolmasters thought to be the points in Virgil which they were to interpret. The meaning of the text, and any historical allusions, occupy naturally the first place. There is no trace of poetical appreciation, as we should say. There are abundant traces of the sort of idle questions which Juvenal mentions as to who was the nurse of Anchises or how many years Acestes lived. Then we are told that there were twelve or thirteen places in Virgil which are "either obscure in themselves, or insoluble, or requiring emendation, or left in such a state as to be not clearly intelligible to us

<sup>7</sup> *Apol. ad Rufin.* i. p. 367.



on account of our ignorance of ancient history." It seems that these places were so recognized as insoluble, that the teachers simply passed them over with the remark that they "belonged to the twelve." Happy would many a modern schoolboy be if there were only twelve difficulties in Virgil! Rather, perhaps we should say, happy the scholar who would find a difficulty in rendering Virgil's meaning in English as beautiful as his own Latin in no more than twelve passages! The "construing" of Virgil, easy as he is comparatively thought to be, is one of the surest tests of good scholarship and poetic taste. Our readers may be anxious to know what these twelve insoluble places were. We can only partially satisfy their curiosity, but perhaps the small amount of satisfaction which we can give them may be in one sense a consolation, as it may lead them to think that it is hardly worth while knowing the whole catalogue. They were, in fact, as it appears, difficulties to the old grammarians chiefly from want of information or from some apparent contradiction. One, for instance, was the line<sup>8</sup>—

Septima post Trojæ excidium jam vertitur ætas,

where, it appears, there is some miscalculation about the number of years. Another was a line about the armour of Messapus which Euryalus appropriated in his night adventure<sup>9</sup>—

Post mortem bello Rutuli pugnâque potiti.

Here the question was, Whose death is spoken of? Another difficulty was the meaning of the line which follows soon after, in the last struggle of Euryalus—

Frangitur, et fissio transit præcordia ligno.

And another, with which we conclude, the words of Turnus<sup>10</sup>—

Neque enim Turno mora libera mortis.

We find also full-blown, in the commentary of Servius, the idea of the allegorical meanings which Virgil intended to convey—an idea fruitful, in after times, of many a strange dream. There is little doubt that there are many really allegorical passages in Virgil, especially in the *Bucolics*, in which there are frequent allusions to the circumstances of his own life.

<sup>8</sup> *Æn.* v. 625.

<sup>9</sup> *Æn.* ix. 364.

<sup>10</sup> *Æn.* xii. 74.

But this principle of interpretation was worked out with an absurd minuteness of detail by Servius and others. Thus, not only was Tityrus under his beech tree an image of the poet, but the "fagus" itself represented the abundance of means of living which had been secured to him by Octavianus, for did not the Greek verb, φαγεῖν, mean to eat? In the same Eclogue, the words—

Ipsæ te Tityre, pinus,  
Ipsi te fontes, ipsa hæc arbusta vocabant,

we are told, not only mean that Tityrus is Virgil, but that the pines are Rome, the fountains are the senators and the poets, and the "arbusta" are the schoolfolk.<sup>11</sup> Here, also, we find the notion of what we may almost call the "omniscience" of Virgil, as also that which has been already mentioned, of the inexhaustible stores of rhetorical instruction which are to be found in his poems. The two speeches of Venus and Juno, for example, in the Olympian Council of the Gods, at the beginning of the tenth book of the *Æneid*, are referred to as models of arguments from various sides. It was the custom then, as before and after, for the practisers in the rhetorical schools to take their theme from Virgil, and declaim what Dido might have said when deserted by Æneas, and the like.<sup>12</sup>

We may conclude our summary of the position held by the poet up to the time of the fall of the Western Empire, by a reference to the work of Macrobius, a writer of whom we know but little except from his own works as far as they remain to us, but who may be taken as conveying to us with sufficient accuracy the ideas as to Virgil which prevailed among literary men towards the close of the fourth and the opening of the fifth century. The greater part of the *Saturnalia* is taken up with Virgil; and the book might almost seem to have been written to do him honour, were it not that Macrobius pours out his erudition *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, and if Virgil is the chief subject which he has in view, he is at all events a long time getting at him. The *Saturnalia* are in the form of a related dialogue, after the model of Plato and of many of Cicero's philosophical works. Seven books of them remain. The company are assembled at the house of Vettius Prætextatus for the holidays in January called the *Saturnalia*, and begin to discourse learnedly on various subjects, among which the origin

<sup>11</sup> This last absurdity, however, depends on a questionable reading of Servius.

<sup>12</sup> See St. August. *Confess.* i. 7, for the custom of the African schools.

of the Saturnalia themselves holds an early place. At the beginning of the seventh chapter of the first book, the company is somewhat disturbed by the arrival of a certain Evangelus, a guest from whom everybody shrinks, but whom the courtesy of the host is unable to refuse. He is described as a talkative man, of bitter loquacity, reckless in assertion, careless of giving offence whether to friend or stranger. In fact, after the conversation has proceeded for some time on the subject on which it had begun, Evangelus breaks in with a rude contradiction of something which Prætextatus had said. However, the discussion proceeds on Roman divisions of time, Gods, heroes, and the like, till Prætextatus has exhausted his subject, and ends amid general applause. Then Evangelus finds fault with him for the many appeals which he has made to the authority of Virgil. This leads to a discussion. He is challenged to declare whether he denies the great learning of Virgil, and means to say that he is only fit to be used as a school-book for boys. Evangelus retorts with an attack on Virgil. The poet himself, he says, thought his poem fit for the flames. No doubt he wanted to escape the censure of posterity. He names one or two weak points, as he considers them, and all the party turn upon him. Symmachus bids him say, whether, as he has found fault with his poetry, he means also to question the oratorical powers of Virgil. Evangelus retorts that he does not wonder at their thinking him an orator, since they seem even to have thought him a philosopher. Symmachus replies by quoting the letter of Virgil about the *Æneid*, in answer to the inquiries of Augustus. The quotation is meant to prove the great industry and learning which Virgil brought to his work. Then he proposes that each one of the company, on the following days, should undertake the defence of Virgil on some one particular point, and this proposal is received by the company with great enthusiasm. Vettius undertakes to prove the poet's great knowledge of what he calls, oddly as it sounds in our ears, the *jus pontificium*—the whole law of sacred rites and observances. Flavianus is ready to prove him to be equally learned in all the lore of the augurs. Eustathius is full of admiration at his philosophy and astronomical knowledge, evidences of which, he says, Virgil has scattered over his work with great self-restraint and absence of display, and yet so as never to make a mistake. He is also ready to point out his skill in adapting his Greek models to his own purposes—*cautus et tanquam aliud agens*—

warily, and while he is seeming to do something else, sometimes hiding his art, and at others openly translating. Fucius and Cæcina Albinus are eager to do battle for him as to his use of ancient versification and old words. Avienus is to hold a general brief, and the defence of Virgil as an orator or rhetorician, is to be left to Eusebius, while Servius is to explain difficult places.

This is the plan of the remainder of the work, after the first book. But the second book is taken up with the talk after supper on the same day, and we do not get to the discussion on Virgil till the third. This second book, by the way, contains Macrobius' collection of the jokes and witty sayings of famous men, such as Cicero, Augustus, and others. Poor enough many of them seem to us, certainly. A good deal of the properly Virgilian part of the work is lost, and the best part of the rest, which contains a long list of parallel passages between Virgil and a number of ancient authors, is probably a compilation rather than the fruit of the industry of Macrobius himself. This is clearly the case in some passages which are certainly taken from Servius and Aulus Gellius. The lost parts of the work of Macrobius include the chapter on the astrological or astronomical knowledge of Virgil, and those also on his philosophy. The rhetorical and oratorical chapters are not entire. The rhetorical part is chiefly devoted to a string of instances in which Virgil has shown his knowledge of the various modes of producing pathos. At the beginning of the fifth book, Eusebius shortly answers the question—Whether one who wished to learn oratory would find greater help in Cicero or in Virgil? He declines any general comparison between the two, but he says that Cicero has but one style of eloquence, the flowing, rapid, and abundant, whereas there are many kinds and styles of oratory, the redundant and copious, the brief and concise, the sober and sparing in words, the rich and florid—and that Virgil alone is found to excel in all. The chapters which follow, forming nearly the whole of the fifth and sixth books of the *Saturnalia*, are devoted to an exposition of the many passages in which Virgil has borrowed or imitated from Homer and other writers, including earlier Latin poets. These last have nearly the whole sixth book to themselves, the poets most frequently quoted being Ennius and Lucretius. The fifth book is taken up with Homer and the Greeks. Macrobius gives a single chapter to Virgil's imitation

of Homer in the whole poem and in the main features of the *Æneid*, and then goes on to compare particular passages. He goes through each book of the *Æneid*, pointing out the imitations. Then he gives a list of the places in which Virgil has surpassed his model—the first of these being the celebrated description of the bees—

Qualis apes æstate novâ per florea rura,

and the last is the comparison of Pandarus and Bitias to a pair of oaks, copied from Homer's description of Polyætus and Leonteus—

Quales aeris liquentia flumina circum  
Sive Padi ripas, Athesim seu propter amœnum,  
Consurgunt geminae quercus ;

we are then told the places in which both poets are equal, and then those in which Virgil is inferior. Macrobius gives the palm to Homer in his description of Diomede raging among the Trojans like a fire in a wood, or a winter torrent bursting upon a plain, and he is probably right, though there is a touch in Virgil which we miss in Homer—

Stupet inscius alto  
Accipiens sonitum saxi de vertice pastor ;

and we may make the same remark as to another passage in which Homer is said to be superior, the description of the rising of the sea under a storm, in which Virgil has missed a great many features beautifully touched by the earlier poet, who however has nothing to answer to the picture given in Virgil's first line—

Fluctus uti primo cœpit cum albesce ponto,

Macrobius decides in the same way in favour of Homer when he describes Achilles as a lion wounded by huntsmen, and again, as to the famous simile of the eagle fighting in the air with a serpent which it has snatched up. But we must hold our hand. The instances which we have quoted will be enough to let our readers see that Macrobius is not altogether a servile worshipper of Virgil, and that he makes some claims to critical acumen. In this respect we can hardly judge him fairly until we know how much and how little of this part of his work is his own.

We may now sum up in a few words what we may conceive to have been the "Fortunes of Virgil" during the centuries which

witnessed the decline of the Empire of Rome, and of that which had made it what it was, under Providence, the Roman spirit—a decline inevitable from the moment that it became a decided point that the Empire was to measure its strength with the new power of Christianity rather than accept that power as the source of its own regeneration, and allow it to work through the many branches of its labouriously perfected organization for the renovation of the social world. Virgil himself was no misanthropic hermit, living apart from the world and cursing it from his solitude. He loved and chose retirement, he was a dweller in the country and by the seaside rather than in the midst of the stir and the magnificence of Rome, but he had an eye and a keen interest for such politics as there then were to engage his attention, and we need not doubt that he looked with high expectations on the work of Augustus for the consolidation and pacification of the Empire of Rome. The final triumph of Augustus, after which he assumed the name by which he is known in history, did not take place till Virgil was past forty, at which age he was just finishing his *Georgics*. He may have added some of the passages in which he does homage to Augustus, especially the conclusion of the last book of the *Georgics*, but if he did this, he only echoed the common feeling of the Roman world, wearied out with civil war, and yearning for the guiding hand which would “impose the rule of peace.” It was under the influence of the feeling of relief which spread over the world after the defeat of Antony and Cleopatra that he undertook the *Æneid*, a national poem in the highest sense of the words. He may have meant at first to celebrate the triumphs of Augustus, and afterwards he may have begun the poem as it is with the idea that he might possibly extend it in some way so as to include the events which his own generation had witnessed, but it is clear that he must have abandoned the design, under the influence of a true poetic instinct, and have determined that the prophecy of Anchises in the sixth book, and the description of the shield of Æneas in the eighth book, should suffice as a summary sketch of Roman history, just as the character of Æneas, the one great character which he has drawn, was to suffice as an embodiment of the Roman spirit. Here, at all events, Virgil has not copied Homer or any one else. It may be said with some measure of accuracy, that the *Æneid* as to its incidents is mainly made up from the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. But the hero of the *Æneid*—if Æneas, and not



Rome, is the hero—is not a compound of Achilles, Hector, and Ulysses. Æneas is a Roman, such as the best patriots in Virgil's time might have wished the young Romans to become.

We have seen that it was Virgil's fortune to be raised by his own consummate art, as a master of style and of language, far above the common level even of the Augustan poets, and to be set, as it were, in a niche by himself by generations who were but little capable of any true poetical taste or criticism. The Rome which he might have hoped to regenerate and, in its new life, to perpetuate, soon became an impossibility. Augustus, with all his prudence and moderation, with all his care to disguise his despotism, his measures for the public good, and even, as he understood it, for the public morality, was preparing Tiberius for the Roman world, and after Tiberius came Caligula, and soon after Caligula came Nero. The Roman world was rotten at the core, and its frantic masters used all their force to strangle in its infancy the only power which could have regenerated it, because it could work from within. It is not too much to say, that there are elements in the poetry of Virgil which might have aided in the work of regeneration, if that work had been made possible by the action of the human masters of the world. We are not making of the poet a prophet of Christianity, or resting our assertion upon the signs, real or supposed, which have been alleged to prove his acquaintance with sacred traditions. Taking him on his own field, he has caught, as we have said more than once, the best elements of the Roman character, and done for them what a poet can who sings to the attentive ears of an imperial race. Filial piety, laborious perseverance, submission to Providence and the will of heaven, devotion to duty in the sense in which it could then be understood, the love of country put before self-interest—these, at least, are virtues which the Romans might have learnt from him, and Christian teachers might have built as on a foundation upon which he had laid down. His place would have been subordinate, but his services would have been not the less true as far as they went.

The Rome that actually followed on the Rome of Augustus was very different from the Rome which in the time of Augustus was still a possibility, and in which the verses of Virgil might even, in this subordinate manner, have had their part in forming the great Christian commonwealth. Grammarians and rhetoricians fastened on the beautiful language of the poet, and used his

knowledge of the means of persuasion and his power of pathos for their own narrow but not pernicious ends. The ages that succeeded were by no means uneducated and uncultured ; but the vital spirit was wanting, without which education and culture, if they are not valueless, become at least, dry, stiff, technical, frivolous, and powerless for the higher ends of the true training of the human soul. The centuries of decadence were now to make way for the centuries of barbarism—but barbarism which, in the designs of Providence, was happily destined to be checked and modified and tamed by that same Christian power which might have averted the decadence as well as moderated and civilized the barbarism. We may endeavour to trace hereafter the part played by the Mantuan poet in the struggle between light and darkness which forms the history of the middle ages.

H. J. C.

## *Chronicles of Catholic Missions.*

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### III.—THREE YEARS AT ORMUZ.

THE readers of the *Life and Letters of St. Francis Xavier*,<sup>1</sup> will remember the interest taken by that great Apostle of the Indies in the island and city of Ormuz, at the mouth of the Persian Gulf, his great desire to go in his own person as a missionary to the place which he considered as one whose sins cried aloud to heaven for vengeance, and his selection of his most valued associate, Father Gaspar Baertz, for the post in question when it became evident that he himself must labour elsewhere. Father Gaspar, for an account of whose earlier career we must refer our readers to the work already mentioned, was the right hand of St. Francis in India, and the Saint gave of his very best when he sent him away to Ormuz. The mission which he then intrusted to Gaspar, was the occasion which drew from St. Francis the longest and most characteristic letter of instructions that he ever wrote—at least, that remains to us. It is full of his own experience and of his darling devices to win men to God, and it might be studied over and over again by any one who has to labour for the good of souls without his incurring any risk of exhausting the mine of doctrine which it contains. The mission of Father Gaspar was wonderfully successful, and forms quite a chapter by itself in the history of Christian missions in the East. Its story has been related at great length by Bartoli, whose chief authority must have been the letters of Father Gaspar himself, who was a perfect child of obedience, and who carried out most faithfully the injunctions laid upon him to write home to Europe a full account of all that happened. Instead of following Bartoli in giving a summary of the letters in the form of a direct narration, we shall give the letters themselves, interrupting them here and there where comment may seem to be necessary. The

<sup>1</sup> Vol. ii. pp. 104—137.

simplicity and quaintness of Father Gaspar will, no doubt, interest the reader, however much he may marvel at some of the geographical statements made by the worthy Father. We proceed now to his first letter—

COPY OF A LETTER WRITTEN FROM ORMUZ IN INDIA, BY FATHER MASTER GASPAR, OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS, TO HIS BROTHERS IN THE COLLEGE OF COIMBRA, RECEIVED IN THE YEAR 1551.

*May the grace and peace of Christ our Lord be always our continual protection and help. Amen.*

I believe that if I were to write in detail of the things which are happening here with regard to our Society, both time, paper, ink, and life itself would fail me. Praised be Christ our Lord! My dearest brothers and fathers will write more fully, each in particular, according as Father Master Francis commanded all those to do who are in different parts of these heathen countries. He is one who, being a good pastor, desires that we should follow him, both in holy obedience and in doctrine and example, which he gives us in such a manner that till death we shall have to learn of him; and if I had not been compelled by obedience to do the same in the past year, 1548, I should have refrained, through shame, from writing what I did; and much more in this year, when I am charged to give a more particular account of the things which our Lord is pleased to effect here by the means of our little Society. And yet, for all that, I am glad to do it, because I think that it will give occasion for praising God more, and for acquiring greater fervour and zeal in serving His Divine Majesty, in Whose name I will proceed to give a general account, as best I may, and to dwell upon a few particular points.

As regards my departure from Goa to Cochin, where Father Master Francis then was, I remember saying, in the letter which I wrote last year to Father Louis of Granada, that Father Antonio Gomez sent me to Challe to set in order a College in which our brothers, the novices who had been received at Goa, might be placed, that they might be exercised in spiritual things and converse with the people of Calicut; because the King of Tanor was very desirous of becoming a Christian when I was that way. And accordingly, when I went there, I found almost everything that was necessary for this College, and having seen the site of the place and collected every information, I went to Cochin to report about it to Father Master Francis, who had now formed another plan with regard to me, so that the day after my arrival he made me return to Goa.

That night we lodged with the friars of St. Francis, who received us with much charity, as if we had been brethren of the same order. From thence we returned to Goa, where (without my knowing anything about it), the Father wished to lay on me a very great burden by making me Rector of the College, which when I refused on account

of my many imperfections, he sent me to this island and city of Ormuz, where no one of our Society nor any other preacher had ever been before, but only a bishop who died there. It was a place which the Father greatly desired to visit, because of the great sins which were reported to be committed there, but he was prevented doing so by his journey to Japan. He limited the time of my staying there to three years, when he would return from Japan to send me to China, or wherever he chose; for he thought that I might be inclined to go on further than was advisable, to Persia or to Turkey, where a few days before some religious received the crown of martyrdom, among whom was a friar of St. Francis, and another, who, though dressed like a Turk, was yet a true Christian, and died with some of his disciples, most cruelly pierced with arrows and lances, as was told me by a Genoese renegade whom I reconciled there, and another Genoese told me also about the friar. But my fervour is not so great as Father Master Francis thinks, who commanded me not to leave Ormuz and its confines during these three years. And so, before the Father set out for Japan, I embarked for Ormuz, taking as my companion Raimon Pereira, a cavalier who had entered the Society at Goa. On board the ship I preached on Sundays, and explained the Christian doctrine every day to the slaves, both men and women, and the children. In the evening they recited the litanies, and on Saturdays the *Salve*. This should be done by all our brothers when they are on board ship. I also arranged a procession of children, who took the discipline on Good Friday, which was done by many others on other days; they frequently went to confession, and their fervour was such that the Moors and Pagans were greatly astonished, and some of them became Christians.

During this voyage, which lasted two months, we often suffered hunger and thirst, and many perils of our lives in the Straits of Mecca. I had already resolved, when we should arrive at the island of Gazatora,<sup>2</sup> to remain there some days, in order to do something for the Christians converted there by St. Thomas, who stand in great need of being instructed in the Christian doctrine, seeing that they are Christians in name only. From all these dangers our Lord delivered us, and the abundant rain which God sent us quenched the thirst of all; and so we came to a place on the coast of Arabia Felix called Calaiate,<sup>3</sup> where we found plenty of dates, and six miles farther we landed near a river where many Arabs dwelt, and where my companion wished to stop to convert the people of those parts. But I did not consent, as I thought his fervour that of a novice, *ne videremur peregrinari in fervore et omni spiritui credere*, besides which there is, by God's grace, a time for doing everything.

<sup>2</sup> This is probably an error of the copyist (or translator) for Socotora, an island where St. Francis stayed a short time on his voyage to India, and which he was always desirous to benefit.

<sup>3</sup> Kalhat, described as Calatu by Marco Polo, iii. 39.

Believe me, my dearest brothers, if I had known that in the countries of India one had to travel through such desert tracts, and to converse with people so various and barbarous, I would have studied to make greater spiritual progress than I did whilst I was with you. I know well that never again shall I see you, nor converse with those of India, or Portugal, or any Europeans. *Vae soli, quia si ceciderit collidetur—Sed omnia possum in eo qui me confortat*; and this is my refreshment while preaching and hearing confessions in the great heat, though the people of the country tell me that I am courting death by labouring so much. For when I get three hours' rest it is something wonderful, and in this place it is necessary for me to be poor in all things, both external and internal; you have time for praying, sleeping, studying, and meditating, and I lack all these things. You must not, however, be afraid that these labours are diminishing my courage, for they increase it, since man has no refuge save God in the persecutions of the world, in honour and dishonour, in sorrow and in joy.

After leaving that part we came to Muscat, which is also on the coast of Arabia Felix, where we found many Portuguese merchants settled, who were living among the Moors, and had never been to confession for ten or twelve years. In this place I preached twice in the shade of an arbour to the chief captain of the coast, and to many other persons. After the sermon several came to me to confession, who were very desperate characters, for the greater part of these people are banished men, and there were so many confessions that I had to stop another day, for which time the vessel in which I came waited at the entreaty of the captain and the people. This country is a sort of asylum, or place of refuge, to which women have escaped from their husbands and men from their wives, so that there was a great confusion both of married and unmarried women, and also a great deal of usury carried on with the Moors. I heartily thank our Lord God for causing me to come to this abandoned port. The chief captain wished me to go in his ship, but I did not think it right to leave my host, and so we set out again in the same vessel in which I had come, and sailed with a fair wind to Ormuz, which belongs to the kingdom of Persia and is in the gulf which divides Arabia from Persia. Two rivers flow into this gulf, the Euphrates and Phison, at Bassora, a place now inhabited by the Turks. The city of Ormuz is the capital of the kingdom, where resides the King, who in former times was so powerful that he was called the King of the whole East.<sup>4</sup> There is no more beautiful place in the world, whence there is a saying that if the world were a ring, Ormuz would be the precious stone in it.

In the passage which follows, there are many points which are not very clear and accurate. In his description of Ormuz, Father Baertz seems to include both the island and the

<sup>4</sup> The text has—in *sino al Ponte*, "as far as the Pontus."



mainland. Gaspar's account of the Nile rising near the Cape of Good Hope is amusing. The remains at Elephanta are still traditionally attributed to Alexander the Great.

The men of this city are among the richest in the Indies, and this is the reason that sins of every kind are committed there. Ambassadors from different parts of the world reside in it; and hither are brought many herbs of Arabia Felix, for Arabia Deserta is on the other side by the Straits of Mecca, and the Red Sea, which divides Egypt, Ethiopia, and Prester John's country, from Arabia. Parallel to this narrow sea runs the Nile, which rises at the Cape of Good Hope, and flows through Prester John's country, which begins at the said Cape, extending towards the interior. It then passes underground, and afterwards enters Egypt, where is the frontier of Prester John's territory. And it is known to be the same as the Nile which flows through Egypt by the crocodiles which are found in both parts. And also in summer it becomes very turbid, and swells till it overflows the whole of Egypt, to the great advantage of the land, because at that time it is winter at the Cape of Good Hope. When it is winter in Egypt it becomes very clear, because it is then summer at the Cape. The fourth river, which rises in the terrestrial paradise, is the Ganges, which passes by Cambaya to the point reached by Alexander the Great, where he was compelled by the opposition made to him by the inhabitants to turn back; whence it seems clear that the monuments at Elephanta and Canarim are works of his, concerning which our brother, Father Melchior Gonzalez, who lives in that place, will give you fuller information.

Returning to my subject, I say that this kingdom of Ormuz borders on that of Babylon, now called Bagdad, of which the Grand Turk is the sovereign, having taken it from the great Soldan of Babylon, now called Cathamas, lord of Persia, one of the most powerful rulers of the world. All his subjects are horse-soldiers and great archers; they use no kind of artillery. He greatly opposes the Turks, killing many of them; and he sent orders that all their fortresses should be levelled with the ground, to oblige them to fight in the plain.

These people are great philosophers, physicians, and astrologers. The heat is so great in Ormuz, that those who have been at the Mina Hunica of St. Thomas<sup>5</sup> and at Melinda, under the equinoctial line, say that the heat of those places is nothing at all in comparison. I can discover no natural cause for this except that it is very subject to parching and hot vapours, because the island is entirely composed of salt, which keeps forming great mountains, so that no sooner is one mass of salt removed than another rises in the same place: and this salt is so strong that it destroys almost everything which is salted with

<sup>5</sup> It seems clear that Father Gaspar means to speak of Meliapor, where the relics of St. Thomas were, and which is also called Calamina. What is the meaning of *Mina Hunica*, we are unable to say.

it. In this island there are also many sulphur mines, and people say that it was once on fire for the space of seven years, which is very probable, for the tops of the mountain are so dry and burnt up that they look like baked chalk, grey and red; and a short time ago one side of a mountain was on fire, and continued to burn for a long while. No plants grow in this island, there are no birds there, no wild or tame animals, and no springs of fresh water; and in spiritual matters the aridity is still greater. In summer the inhabitants live in a sort of vessel full of water, with a pillow at the head also in water, so that only their faces are seen; and they do this by night as well as by day. The nights here are hotter than the days at Mina of St. Thomas, or at Melinda. The country has only one advantage, that it is healthy; so that if by chance any one falls sick he gets well again immediately, and this is because people perspire so much. There is a kind of manna here, like crystallized dew, very sweet and pleasant to the taste, but it does not seem to me to agree with the description given in the Bible, which compares it to coriander seeds, though it is commonly said to be the same. I wished to send a specimen of it to Europe, but I was afraid that it would turn bad.

This country is subject to frequent earthquakes, and this year especially, since my arrival, there have been so many, and of such long duration, that both Moors and Christians were terrified, fearing that the earth would open, a thing which Master Francis also feared in consequence of the abominable sins committed here. Once when I was preaching there was a shock, in consequence of which much fruit followed the sermon, for our Lord seemed Himself to teach me what I was to preach. This earthquake occurred eight or nine times in a period of two months.

In this city resides King Xarafa, who was some time ago taken prisoner.<sup>6</sup> Here, too, is the most beautiful Moorish mosque and alcoran,<sup>7</sup> one of the largest in the world, and on account of its beauty and magnificence many heathen become Moors. These<sup>8</sup> practise many superstitions, such as worshipping serpents and cows, which they allow to go about their streets at their will, and they have houses richly endowed, in which they give drink to these cows for the love of God, for there is fresh water in the island. They will also eat nothing that has died, neither may they kill anything: they subsist on herbs and broth; they are very gentle, and do nobody any harm or injury. In some parts of India these Pagans have a custom of making huge triumphal cars, on the top of which they carry numbers of persons

<sup>6</sup> The text adds "in Monte Maggiore."

<sup>7</sup> Father Gaspar seems to use the word alcoran for a part of the building.

<sup>8</sup> i.e. the heathen. He seems to be speaking of the Hindoos, and to have gone back to what he has seen at Goa and elsewhere. At least this is what occurs to us as a probable conjecture. The mention of "fresh water in the island," in the next sentence, seems to confirm this. Goa was on an island.

to the pagodas to be sacrificed, who, of their own will, wound themselves with knives and razors, cutting themselves till they fall from the car and die; the pieces of flesh are shot down to the people who stand beneath in immense numbers, and who vie with each other in getting this flesh, which they hold in great veneration. Some of them throw themselves under the wheels of the car, and so are crushed to atoms, and they think that they can offer no more acceptable sacrifice to their gods. When a married man happens to die, his wife is burnt alive. There is an infinite number of other superstitions and idolatries in which they believe. There are also in this country many Jews descended from those who remained from the first Babylonish captivity, as well as Turks, Persians, Armenians, and many other nations. They have four sacred days in the week, the Sunday of the Christians, the Monday of the Pagans, the Friday of the Moors, who make a feast of it towards evening, and the Saturday of the Jews. I feel the utmost sorrow in considering the great abominations of these infidels.<sup>9</sup> When I try to sleep a little, they make such a noise in their alcoran that it prevents my doing so. In short, when I see how greatly the devil's affairs prosper, I cannot help grieving and weeping continually.

After our voyage, as I said, to Ormuz, and before we came into port, some persons came in two little barks to welcome and receive us. In one of these was the major-domo of the King of Ormuz, who brought us things to eat, in the other the Vicar General of the town with all the clergy, who gave us a pleasant and affectionate reception. On our landing, all of these and many other persons accompanied us to the fort, where the Captain was waiting for us. He received us very kindly, and made us many offers, wishing us to lodge with him at the fort. But when we said that the hospital was our lodging, they were all astonished; and the vicar took us by force to his house, showing us as much respect and attention as if the bishop had come in person. He had already been told about our Society, and that we took nothing for masses, confessions, or any other spiritual work. The aforesaid Captain ordered a room to be prepared for us in the hospital with an open place at the top, or loggia; for in summer they all sleep on the flat roofs on the tops of the houses. Upon our arrival, the concourse of all sorts of persons was so great that we could take no rest from morning to night. Many came to confession, and others to ask advice, now on one subject, now on another. The next day, which was Sunday, I preached, and in consequence of the great fame of our Society in the place, I had a large audience, and they evinced more-over much fervour by their devotion and tears. As the course of sermons went on, God greatly stirred up these people. The penitents who came to confession were so numerous, that neither the day nor night were enough for attending to them. In one night we heard six confessions; in short all the people seemed most fervent. But I

<sup>9</sup> *i.e.* the Mahometans.

cannot refrain from writing some particular details, for I am writing them to my dearest brothers, who, I know, care more for the things of Christ than of the world.

Father Gaspar passes over rather summarily the beginning of his sojourn in Ormuz, and we may add a few particulars from Bartoli. It seems that the good Bishop Albuquerque, the friend of St. Francis Xavier, had written to Ormuz to announce Father Gaspar's mission, and, on account of the length of time spent on the voyage by the vessel which conveyed the Father, the bishop's letter had reached the city long before his arrival. The bishop had most earnestly recommended Gaspar to the good offices of those in authority, both secular and ecclesiastical, and it is to this, as well as to the fame of St. Francis Xavier over the whole East, that we must attribute the handsome reception accorded to the missionary. In truth, the Portuguese were usually full of faith, though too often, as was pre-eminently the case in Ormuz, entirely neglectful of the precepts of their religion. Such men, though they are afraid of a preacher, are yet ready to welcome him. The Captain of the fortress was a certain Don Mañuel de Lima, and he seems to have been a good officer and inclined to further the interests of religion. The apartment which Gaspar describes, if not as something magnificent, at least as not uncomfortable, and which was all that he and his companions could be induced to accept, was a small chamber with walls of thatch, and hardly any roof. The missionary began his work at Ormuz by prayer and mortification; he soon began to preach, and all through his stay the chief means by which he achieved his great success was the Word of God. We may remind our readers of the peculiar gift which he had received in this respect—peculiar we mean, in that he appears at first singularly deficient as a speaker.

One day [we are told of his noviceship in Portugal] the religious were accusing themselves of their faults in public to the Superior, Simon Rodriguez, and then Gaspar confessed that he had felt a strong temptation to desire to become a great preacher. Simon at once ordered him to get on a bench and preach to the community. After he had obeyed and blundered through an exhortation at which all were inclined to laugh, Simon asked him what he thought of his own sermon. Gaspar replied that though he had got on so badly and might do worse other times, he did not give up his hope of being some day a preacher. Simon saw what was implied by his humility, simplicity, and sincerity.

He ordered him to leave the employment of the lay-brothers, among whom he had worked, and to go over his studies again. Then he had him ordained and sent him out to preach. Gaspar seemed to have received the gift of preaching along with his ordination, for he turned out at once so successful and powerful in the pulpit that his sermons became famous for the conversions which they produced.<sup>10</sup>

It appears, also, that the shocks of earthquake, of which mention is made in Father Gaspar's own letter, took place just when he was about to mount the pulpit on Trinity Sunday, and that this coincidence helped very much to the conversion of the people.

When, therefore, I began to make more particular inquiries about the place, I found much reason for weeping day and night over the perdition of this people; though, by the grace of God, the preaching of His Word has been no small remedy, and for the most part they were sinners more through ignorance than anything else; for they have never heard any preacher, and, which is worse, the Christians converse familiarly with Moors, Turks, and Jews, so that they eat together. Besides this, many of the Christians' children daily become Moors in consequence of their having Moorish mothers. When I greatly blamed these things in my sermons, both Christians and Pagans began to be much afraid, so that now they are greatly terrified at what they thought nothing of before, and they do not venture to turn Moors or Pagans openly, as they formerly did. They made their confessions with many tears and great contrition, and did penance publicly, so that on Sundays and festivals some of them took the discipline at the door of the church. This made a great impression on the people, inducing some others to do the same either openly or in secret; and one of these was so full of fervour that he asked my leave to go through the church on Sunday taking the discipline with his face uncovered, before all the people, of whom he desired to beg pardon, and to ask them to pray for him; and this man was greatly consoled by our Lord God by means of his great penances.

It would be quite impossible to say the extent and the many ways in which usury is practised in this country, for they have not the slightest scruple about it, and they make use of so many tricks and deceptions, that in spite of the care I have taken to find them all out, I am every day discovering new ones. For the Moors make all their gains by usury, and have no other means of livelihood. If, for instance, they were to lend ten ducats, they would have as much interest as would pay their expenses for a year, and at the end of the time they would get the full sum just mentioned. On seeing these practices, I determined to preach against covetousness every Saturday,

<sup>10</sup> *Life and Letters of St. Francis Xavier*, vol. ii. p. 54. Second Edition.



and by the grace of God, so much fruit has been the consequence, that whereas formerly everybody went early in the morning to the bazaar (as they call it) to traffic in these usurious practices, they now come first to the church, and then, after Mass, to the bazaar, not for the same purpose as before, but to discuss questions of usury, and what should be done so as to abandon it; in fact, they are like scholars arguing at lectures and disputations. By these means usury has got into such disfavour, that by degrees everybody is avoiding it, besides leaving off other evil customs, and in short, praised be our Lord, they are becoming reformed. Not Christians only, but Moors and Pagans also have, in many cases, made restitution. The infidels are greatly surprised at the justice practised by Christians. Many merchants, too, have been surprised; and there was one of them who pretended to be ill in order to get me to go to hear his confession, for I was so much engaged with the confessions of the sick, that I had no time to attend to those who were well. Another merchant sent to beg earnestly that I would go and hear his confession; and when he saw me, he threw himself at my feet, saying, "Father, see: I place in your hands so many thousand ducats, and all the property I possess, houses, ships, male and female slaves, and lastly, my body. On the other side I place my soul, begging you to help me to save it by all the means you judge necessary; do, therefore, with all my goods as you see fit, restoring to everybody what belongs to him, and if this is not enough, let me make satisfaction by many corporal penances, for I would rather be poor than be damned." And there were many others like him, who did the same, and if they owed ten, restored twenty, saying that till now they had never really been to confession.

Their restitutions and alms were so abundant that they amounted to more than seven thousand two hundred ducats, with which great relief was given to the poor; some charitable homes for orphan girls were set on foot, and some asylums in the Hospital of Mercy, and for recent Pagan converts. Another very influential man begged me, for the love of Christ, to undertake the charge of spending his property and ordering his household, as he wished to do nothing except by my advice. When I smiled at this, he was vexed, so that I was obliged to take an inventory of all his possessions and give him a rule of life, and he does not venture to do more than I tell him. As he is very rich, and one of the chief men of the country, this charge is no light one; and he says that he intends always to follow me, with his wife and children, and to die with me at last in China. Another old man, of about seventy, says the same; he follows me wherever I go, and when, as sometimes happens, I go into any house on business, he waits for me at the door till I come out; and such is his desire of suffering for Christ, that, forgetting his wife and children, he says he will come with me to China, in order to gain the palm of martyrdom; and I am really afraid that when I do go, I shall not be able to persuade him to remain here with his family.



There are others who do the same, and it seems like the time of the primitive Church.

All the Moors and Pagans are greatly astonished, and call me the great Cacis of the Frangui (which means the great Portuguese priest), St. John the Baptist, the son of Zachary, saying that there are only three such persons in the world. Many are anxious to be converted. When any wrong is done to the infidels, they come to me that I may get their property restored to them, for they have great confidence in us, and regard us with great affection and reverence. The Jews acknowledge that usury is forbidden by their law, and by degrees are giving it up; the Pagans and infidels all say that I have not come here merely out of love for the Christians, but to teach them, too, the law of nature. One day, when I said that I wished to go away, they began to lament greatly, saying that all the place would suffer in consequence. I am at present giving some of the Spiritual Exercises, which are used to be given in our Society, to several persons, and some religious. On the other hand, the devil has not ceased to persuade many not to make their confessions till I was about to leave; when I became aware of this I urged them to make them; and when one of these persons had confessed to me, and was performing the penance I gave him at midnight, such numbers of cats, and rats, and other black animals appeared to him, that the whole house seemed full of them. This sight made him afraid lest they should carry him away, soul and body; and while he was in this state of alarm, he ran to an image of our Lord, begging Him aloud to deliver him from this danger. No sooner had he done so than all those creatures vanished with so much noise and confusion that it seemed as though, without anything being done to it, the house were falling down; and this occurrence produced much fruit, for the person in question became a holy man.

Another person, who had not been to confession for many years, tried in every possible way to avoid me, and not to meet me in the street. One day, however, I chanced to fall in with him without his knowing me, and I began exhorting him to make his confession, but he replied that he would rather fight with an army of his enemies, even if he were certain to be killed, than speak to me, so great was his dread of it. This man, embarking in a ship for India, was attacked by a malady which compelled him to return in great fear, our Lord visiting him with such a terror of death, that when he heard guns fired he thought they were aimed at him; and thus, being greatly agitated, he implored me to hear his confession that he might be saved, and he gave up the mistress who lived with him. Many others are doing the same who are moved by certain manifestations, which God vouchsafes to them, to make their confessions. And these facts prove that our Lord makes use of every extraordinary means for the conversion of so barbarous and obstinate a people. There is a certain priest whom the bishop has never succeeded by any means in persuading to send away

two women of bad life who have borne him children, and who, when I reproved him for this sin by which he was giving public scandal, showed much sorrow, but yet did not amend his life. This man sought my intimacy a good deal, and tried in all sorts of ways to prevent my alluding any more to the subject. He often sent me presents, and when he invited me to dinner he decked the room with hangings and boughs, to testify his affection, and made these women keep out of the way that I might not see them. Knowing all this as I did, and desiring by any means to save him from this sin, I reproved the clergy generally for it in a sermon, but he took it all as addressed only to himself, and when I had finished preaching he waited till the people were gone, and then came to me with some other religious who were living in the same sin, and threatened very angrily that they would revenge themselves for such an insult. On hearing this I threw myself at their feet and begged their pardon, though I had not done them any wrong. This pacified them a little, and the next day, when he again came to the sermon, it pleased our Lord to give him so much grace that he could not restrain his sorrow and tears, so that after the discourse was over, he threw himself, weeping, on his knees before me, begging my pardon for the wrong he had done me the day before, and showing a strong disposition to amend his way of life. He had, in fact, resolved to do so, and, as he is very rich, he intends to give marriage-portions to the two women, and to do penance for his sins. The others who had mistresses were greatly impressed also; some of them married them, others gave them dowries, and others, who were married, forsook their company.

Besides these things the city was under a perfect cloud of excommunications; I refer to cases reserved in the Bull *Cæna Domini*, and which they incurred by providing the Moors with iron, other metals, saltpetre, and similar forbidden things. (*Extrav. De Jud. et Sarr. Cap. ad liberandum.*) It is true many did this ignorantly. In this matter it was a great advantage that I had the faculties of the bishop with regard to all the cases reserved in *Cæna Domini*, although I had a great deal of trouble with the penalties imposed on account of the property belonging to the Apostolic Chamber. A bishop was not able, of his own power, to provide for all these cases, and the confessors, not knowing as much as they ought to have done, absolved everybody on the strength of the Bull *De Sacramento Eucharistiæ* and other Bulls, *extra casum necessitatis*. In this way they themselves incurred excommunication by the "Extravagant" of Sixtus the Fourth, *Ad futuram rei memoriam*, &c., in which the privileges are taken from all; and by this means nearly all the Christian population who dwelt in Diu were in a state of excommunication, principally from not having refrained from supplying the infidels with arms. In this country I also found many persons who sold and put up to auction the property of others, in which way much cheating was practised to the injury of the people.

There were a great many feuds, much ill-will, blasphemies of every kind, and enormous and public sins, especially among the soldiers, who gave me a great deal of trouble, for they destroyed in one moment all that I had done in a day, upsetting everything, wounding and killing now one, now another, and heaping insults on many who showed a desire to live in peace. At length, however, by the grace of God, they are becoming reformed; many of them have made peace with their enemies, embracing at the church door, and mutually asking forgiveness. There are, however, others who I have not been able to persuade to do this, and when I have entreated them for the love of Christ, their answer has been that Christ was God, and that they are men; and that they would rather be revenged for their wrongs and go to hell, than go to Paradise without taking vengeance. One might really have supposed this country to be without law, king, or captain, judging from the multitudes in it who blasphemed God and the saints, the number of married men who had two or three mistresses, besides those who sinned openly with Moorish, Jewish, and Pagan women, and the great numbers who were guilty of adultery; in short, the majority were given up to every sort of sin. There were many thieves, and some men living only for cheating, and others whose trade was to kill men for money. Perceiving this, I earnestly begged the Captain to be careful to punish them and send them out of the place, but he replied that they were so very numerous that it would be impossible to do so. So we must pray to God to convert these men, and to protect those who are not like them.

I should not know where to begin if I were to recount the kind of work which was awaiting me in this country—confessions, sermons, attending to the prisons, settling lawsuits, quarrels, questions of concubinage, and other things in no less need of correction. As to the devotion and reverence which they have for our Society, I can only say, that so far as regards myself, it is a real occasion of humiliation. The women would kneel down, wherever we met them, to kiss our hands and habit, believing us to be saints; we were respectfully greeted in the streets by so many that we were obliged to walk with our caps in hand; when the women, Moorish as well as Christian, heard the sound of the little bell with which we went through the street, they ran to the windows, wondering at the sight of our poverty, and some of them weeping for compassion.

The little bell was probably rung through the streets at night by Father Gaspar, in accordance with the practice introduced by St. Francis Xavier, to call on the people to pray for the repose of the souls in Purgatory, and for the conversion of sinners.

The crowds which attended the sermons were so great that it was like a perpetual Good Friday. They all say that they believe our Society to be truly sent by God, for that they never saw anything

like it in the world, and that, except in the primitive Church, there never were men of that sort; that we are come to revive the Faith, because our doctrine, like that of the Apostles, is inspired by the Holy Ghost; in short, they take us for saints. May it please our Lord to turn this opinion of theirs to their profit, and to give His grace to us so abundantly, that they may not find their judgment of us entirely mistaken—a judgment so universal that neither the Captain, nor the judge, nor any other official or person in authority, nor, lastly, any of the people, will do anything without our advice, which they follow entirely. The Moors are beginning to imitate some of our customs, and to make great lamentations in their Alcoran for their dead, as I do for ours, going through the streets at night with a bell; they likewise use holy water, like us, which they did not do formerly. I thought it requisite, lest the dissolute and incorrigible should corrupt the rest, to make some demonstration of rigour, and accordingly I preached a sermon in order to alarm them, praying our Lord that they might be touched in the things which came most home to them, and that they might suffer loss in their bodies, their goods, and their reputation, for the profit of their souls, according to those words—*Imple facies illorum ignominia, et quærent Nomen tuum, Domine*. At this they were much terrified and confounded, and they complained of me; but when I said for what reason I had done it, they were satisfied.

If this severity should seem strange to any of our readers, they may be reminded that among the many wonderful instructions given by St. Francis Xavier to Father Gaspar on his departure for Ormuz, this of threatening obstinate sinners with temporal punishment from God is expressly included. The instance which is given in the following paragraph is one of many, in which threats of this kind have been followed by singular fulfilments. Monagiàm, as Bartoli tells us, was a fortress on the mainland belonging to the King or Soldan of Ormuz, and was considered of great importance on account of its position on the Persian frontier.

At this time a war broke out on the mainland of Persia, in the course of which a fortress of this kingdom, called Monagiàm, was seized by treachery, and two hundred Portuguese soldiers, who were stationed here, were sent to recover it. Afterwards two hundred more were sent, under a Moorish captain, and then again five thousand soldiers more. Before they set out, I strongly urged the Christians to go to confession, but out of this great number only about twenty did so. When, therefore, their captain, Panteleone de Sâ, nephew of the Governor of the Indies, came to me for my blessing, I told him the misfortune which I feared, and which came to pass,

for during the siege of the fortress, a fever broke out among them like a plague, of which nearly forty-five died, falling down like so many cattle, besides one hundred more who were wounded, and who repented, calling out for me, and desiring to make their confessions. Wounded as they were, they resolved to return for this purpose, so great was their desire to confess, thinking that by that means, and no other, they would gain the victory. About a hundred of them died afterwards here in Ormuz. These men came weeping to beg me to hear their confessions, saying that, after that, they should have no fear of death; and I leave you to imagine the sorrow I felt at seeing so many Christians at my feet, imploring my help; some of them at the point of death, others in tears, so that, not knowing what else to do, I embraced them one by one, begging them to go to confession to the priests of the place, of whom there were five. But this they utterly refused to do, and so I was obliged to consent to their wishes, and began by confessing those who were in the most imminent danger of death, never resting day or night, nor desisting from this occupation, although many persons came asking for me from the Captain, and others of the nobility. And this went on for a month.

When the time came for them to go on the expedition I have spoken of, we did not fail to help them by prayers, as also during all the time they were engaged in it; and the next night, at ten o'clock, I arranged a very solemn procession with my disciples, that is, the children, male and female slaves, and the new converts of the country, among whom were fifty taking the discipline. The priests wore their cottas, and carried wax candles, and in this way we went to a church of our Lady, about a mile distant, followed by an immense crowd of persons barefoot, and so great was their devotion when we prayed for mercy, that no one could help weeping. After the procession I preached. This procession we made several times, and it pleased God that the fortress, which in their pride they could not take, was surrendered to them on conditions. Afterwards I was engaged in visiting the wounded, as I am still doing, and taking them little comforts; for so many dainties, and other things necessary for the sick are sent to me by devout persons, that I could almost stock a shop with them. I exerted myself also very much, that they might receive their pay, so as to get medical treatment. Those who have been to this war have returned so full of contrition, and so devoted to me, that when I was standing beside them, they kept holding me with their hands, lest I should go away. One of them, who was almost *in extremis*, got out of bed in the middle of the night, and seizing a sword would have killed himself if he had not been prevented; then, turning upon me, he clasped my throat so tightly that I was nearly strangled. When the other patients saw that, they cried out for help, being themselves unable to get out of bed; but by God's grace he did



me no harm. I fully believe that it was the devil who tried to kill me in this way, but this was not the will of our Lord, Who is mightier than he.

The next paragraph in the letter tells us that Father Gaspar had that terrible difficulty for men in his position to contend with—the jealousy of ecclesiastics who were not so successful as himself in gaining the confidence of the people. The priests at Ormuz seem to have fallen very low in the scale of morality, and there is little to wonder at in their opposition, which unfortunately has had its counterpart in the case of far better men than they were, in all times, and in all countries. Jealousy and envy were the motives of the opposition of Annas and Caiaphas to our Lord and the Apostles, and it is impossible to calculate the amount of good which has been prevented by the action of similar motives in every successive generation of the Church. When men are once able to persuade themselves not to shun the responsibility of hindering good works by others which they cannot do themselves, it is often beyond the power of the highest authorities in the Church to stop them. Gaspar, however, seems to have been able to bring these priests of Ormuz round.

The enemy of all good did not cease from sowing his cockle, and hindering every good work, and thus when the priests of the country saw so many confessions, and other works of mercy, they began complaining heavily of me, saying that I ought not to hear their spiritual children, but to send for them to do so, who, they said, had been so ready to help me in every way. I did not tell them the reason why these penitents had left off going to them, and that rather than do so, they would die without confession. But our Lord answered for me, for in consulting together on the matter, they found it could only proceed from the will of God, Who gives special grace to our Society with regard to confessions. Thus they were consoled, and loved and honoured me as before. During the six months that I have been here, I think that I have heard confessions of more than seven hundred, so that I expect to hear the few that remain before Christmas. During the siege of the fortress of which I have spoken, a captain, who openly kept three mistresses, whom he always took about with him, and who was a great blasphemer, died a sudden death; whilst he was dying, there arose a storm of wind and hail together with torrents of rain, which lasted more than half an hour, and everybody thought it was the end of the world, for it was so dark that people could not recognize each other; and all this was a curse upon that captain, who was so



great an enemy of God as was afterwards known. I could mention other like cases, if my occupations allowed me.

It would be impossible to describe the great faith and respect of these people with regard to the Sacrament of Penance: the number of penitents increases daily, and their contrition and fervour are very great, because of the effects which they have seen to follow from it, for there are persons of whose recovery the doctors had given up hope, who after confession got up perfectly well, and others, too, have been cured of different maladies. It is very evident that till now the virtue of that sacrament was not known in this country, for they were in the habit of not going to confession for many years: and if any one went to confession or communion after a long time, they laughed at him, and considered him mad; but now, by the grace of our Lord, so much has been done by persuasions and by prayer, that they go to confession every week, and to communion on all Sundays and festivals; so that it seems to me like being in Coimbra to witness so much fervour in the Saturday confessions and the Sunday communions. The Captain gives great edification to all; he goes to confession every week, and though he is much occupied, he also made a general confession. In this way he has become very devout and liberal towards the poor, and though he is universally known to be very good and kind to our Society, his attachment to it is such, that it is his great desire to find opportunities of assisting it. When I consider the great fruit that there is here, I think that I could not have gone anywhere where there would have been more. May our Lord God be praised, who has given us the necessary strength, and may it please Him to grant us yet more, for His glory. Formerly the men of this country were ashamed of weeping when they heard sermons, or speaking to the infidels of the Cross and Passion of Jesus Christ. The Captain and secular rulers had the principal charge of the churches; they insulted the priests, and paid little respect to the prelates, and still less to the ensigns and banners of Christ, all of which they would tear to pieces; neither did they dread the excommunications or any other admonitions of the bishop. Now, on the contrary, they have a great veneration for bishops and priests, as their superiors in ecclesiastical things: and the priests lead devout lives, maintaining their dignity, and taking care rightly to perform the sacred offices. Every Saturday they go in procession to a church of our Lady, half a mile off; I accompany them barefoot, and we all chant the litanies for the welfare of the people.

Here we must pause for the moment, leaving the rest of Father Gaspar's letter for a future article.

## *Iona.*

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### I.

I stood upon the rocky isle  
That braves the broad Atlantic's boom,  
Or towers in irresponsive gloom  
Above its many dimpled smile.

On the sparse verdure at my feet  
The silent wrecks of olden time  
Gave forth a voice in deeper chime  
Than ocean's far resounding beat.

The might that ruled a vanished day :  
The life that throbbed in gushing tide :—  
The faith that gazed with prescience wide  
Upon the future's darkling way :—

The long hope with persistent strain  
That 'gainst the lost hope still stood true,  
And spurned with radiance ever new  
The faint heart that is manhood's bane :—

The love that passeth other love,  
Sweet love of God, and love of man,  
That soars up to the general plan  
To which creation still doth move :—

All these have been and passed away,  
Lie shattered with these ruined stones,  
Whose voices mingle with the moans  
Of winds that mourn their fleeting stay.

### II.

The winds wail o'er Iona's shore,  
Her mouldering ruins droop to dust,  
No longer equal to the trust  
Reposed in them by kings of yore.

Turret, and tomb, and mortal clay  
Of prince, and monk, and belted knight,  
And sainted nun and simple wight,  
Lie blended in one great decay.

But out of night the morning springs ;  
Out of corruption fresher life ;  
Decay is but the womb of strife  
That frames and fashions newer things.

Around lie strewn the ruined stones,  
Sole relics of the shadowy past,  
The last results of heavings vast  
That have convulsed time's circling zones.

The past seems but a heap of mud,  
On which glooms dark the cloudy sky,  
Enshrouding main and mountain high  
With vesture of the flying scud.

The changeful sky broods o'er the tomb  
Of things that have been and are not ;  
Apt image of the fitful lot  
Of things that are or yet shall come.

The whirling drifts of human wit—  
Dim possibilities of things—  
The blind confusion error brings—  
Are on its misty pages writ.

The past lies silent midst the clash  
And rush of elemental strife,  
But in it lurk the germs of life  
That in the present heave and flash ;

And these still struggle to be free,  
To shake off error's deadly chain,  
To re-assert their ancient reign :—  
What once hath been again shall be.

### *The Drama of Alexander the Great.*

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THERE are some writers in every generation who, though they obtain a certain amount of general popularity, are yet properly the favourites of critics, of writers like themselves, and of men of refined and cultivated taste, rather than of the public. Their beauties are too delicate, and require too much trouble in those who are to appreciate them, for the common run even of educated readers. Miss Austen, among novelists, is a writer of this class. She is largely popular, no doubt, and loudly praised; but there have hardly been more than one or two editions, at the most, of her works since her death. Her real admirers are those who can take the pains to study her closely, and trace the almost imperceptible touches by which her effects are produced. Few people will take the trouble which this requires, and not every one can fully enjoy the intelligent pleasure which is the reward of this process. We imagine that Wordsworth is one of the same sort among poets—great as he is, and acknowledged as is his greatness. His power is altogether on a different scale from that of Miss Austen, certainly; but he too finds an audience, "fit though few." He receives homage from many who know him not, and he is thoroughly appreciated only by a very small circle. Mr. Aubrey de Vere will, we conceive, rank very high among the poets of our age when a generation or two may have passed away, and the measures of criticism are properly adjusted. As it is, his high place is already acknowledged by the soundest critics, and we question whether any reader well versed in English poetry and acquainted with its rarest treasures will hesitate how to class him. We should think more highly than we do of the standard of taste generally prevalent among ordinary readers of modern poetry, if we could persuade ourselves that the *Legends of St. Patrick*, or the volume now before us, a drama on *Alexander the Great*, can be likely to command at once large popularity.

There can be no question as to the grandeur of the subject which Mr. de Vere has undertaken to treat. Alexander the Great is the most conspicuous character in the history of the most conspicuous nation in the great drama of the life of the human race. He was not thirty-three when he died, and he had achieved in ten years the conquest of half the world. His conquests were not the mere sweeping of enormous masses of men over invaded provinces, leaving desolation and depopulation behind them. He was at the head of the most cultivated and brilliant race in the world in its final conflict with the older civilizations, which had long dominated in peace the historic lands from which the human race first went forth to subdue the earth. His victories were magnificent feats of generalship, not only the mere triumphs of superior discipline and strength. His path was the path of a fresher and more intelligent civilization. He chose the sites of his new cities with wonderful sagacity, and planned the knitting together of the various races of his vast Empire into one homogeneous whole, in which, however, all due scope was given to such independence and individuality as were consistent with unity. He conquered for peace; his legislation was liberal and tolerant. He saw at once that he could not make all the world subject to Greece, but that he could make the world itself Grecian, and secure for his countrymen the lead which naturally belonged to their superior gifts. Again, the work which Alexander had to do in the Providential order of the great Empires was immense and most important. It mattered little for this work that the outward frame of his Empire broke into pieces after his death, because his time had been too short to consolidate it. Nevertheless, the Macedonian Empire prepared the mind of the world for the influences of Christianity, as the Roman kept the world quiet that Christianity might penetrate it. Again, the personal character of Alexander, as Mr. de Vere most justly remarks, is one of true heroism. A few of his worst actions have been seized upon, and his portrait drawn from them. How many men know more of him than that he slew his friend Clitus and burnt Persepolis in a drunken orgy! These are the deeds of an hour or two in a life full of patient, daring, sagacious, and politic labour, guided by far-seeing wisdom and inspired by a really noble ambition. There was, indeed, a flaw in this great character, a flaw which grew in importance with his success; but it was the flaw which attends

all human success, and from which the special grace of God alone can save great characters—the flaw of pride. This, which spoilt the greatness of Alexander and brought about his failures, makes him, at all events, a wonderfully fit subject for dramatic treatment at the hand of a Christian philosopher. He is the greatest man of the pagan world. He towers above the conquerors, generals, statesmen, of antiquity, as Achilles towers over the heroes of Homer; and he ends by insane pride, desiring to receive divine honours and to subdue the whole world to his sway, and falls a prey to a fever in the flower of his age in the ill-omened city, the name of which stands in Sacred Writ as synonymous with worldly pride and insolence and power, blasted by the curse of God.

It might seem at first sight, that a character such as this is a more fit subject for a philosophical history than for a dramatic poem. No one can deny that the history of Alexander is one of the best subjects that a philosophic historian could chose. But it does not follow, at all events, that it does not admit of dramatic treatment. Rather, we should say, it is essentially dramatic, only that the conditions of the ordinary drama are too confined for it in any hands but those of a master. When we speak of the drama, we mean, of course, the drama of poetry rather than that of the stage. Ten years are a long time to compress into five acts—ten years so full of incident and character as the kingly life of Alexander. His character was ripening all the time to its final downfall; and this has to be represented in scenes, the main objects of which must be to carry on the story. The seeds of the disease which is to lay it low must be seen, as seeds, early in the drama, and their development must coincide with the treatment of the outward events which had so much to do with their maturity, as well as with other manifestations of character which are necessary for the full portrait of the hero. Again, as to a Christian, the vice of Alexander's character is an essentially "theological" vice, we mean a vice which is in direct contradiction to a dutiful acknowledgment of the mastery and fatherhood and supreme dominion of God; so also is it impossible to treat the career of this great Greek in a manner consistent with true Christian philosophy of history, without dwelling to some extent on the position of the Greek mind, the Greek philosophy, the Greek religion, towards the great questions which lie at the bottom of all theories of the



universe and of man's position in it. Alexander, himself the pupil of the greatest philosopher of the time, himself the embodiment of Greek thought and civilization, came across, in the course of his eventful career, not only the comparatively spiritual religion of the Persians, but the debased Babylonian worship, the imposing system of the Hindoo mythology, and even the sacred deposit of the true faith and the divine promises which were intrusted to what he must have considered the strange incomprehensible race whose chief seat was at Jerusalem. He was himself, as Cyrus and others had been before him, the subject of prophecy as well as the instrument of Providence. He had a special mission, and could not go beyond it without braving chastisement. All these considerations prepare us for finding that his history, in the hands of a truly philosophical poet, must combine a large number of beautiful and striking lines of thought, to an extent which far exceeds the powers of the mere spinner of sonorous verses or the mere master of melody.

To attempt a truly philosophical, as well as a truly poetical treatment of this story of Alexander the Great, in a five-act drama, is thus to aim very high, and to undertake a most perilous achievement. We can only thank Mr. de Vere for having made the attempt, and record our conviction that the more his work is studied the more successful will it be considered as touching the principal and vital points in the history, and striking on the master-chords which dominate the whole. It is wonderful praise for a poem so necessarily compendious, to say that nothing essential has been omitted, and that yet the whole is not overlaid. But the difficulty of the poet's feat is also the difficulty of the critic's or the reader's appreciation. Mr. de Vere has to leap over ten years in five acts. The first finds Alexander on the Granicus, and embodies that first and characteristic victory. In the second, Issus is over, Alexander is before Tyre, the fall of which is related, as well as the conqueror's visit to Jerusalem, where Mr. de Vere makes him converse with the High Priest as to the prophecies concerning him, and especially the limits of the Empire which is allotted to him by the Ruler of the world. The third act carries us through Arbela and the campaigns which followed it, completing the subjection of the Persian Empire, to the conspiracy and death of Philotas. At the opening of the fourth act, Alexander has returned—against his will—from his Indian campaign, and we

have scenes in which he unfolds his policy of blending the various races of his Empire by marriage, himself taking as queen, Arsinoe (Barzinè), one of the daughters of Darius, giving noble Persian ladies to his chief officers, and richly endowing the Persian brides of many of his soldiers. The mutiny at Opis gives occasion to that magnificent speech to the discontented army, which Mr. de Vere has composed from the outlines left by the ancient historians. The story of Calanus is interwoven here. At the end of the act we find Alexander determined on a second expedition to India, and the death of his friend Hephestion is brought about by poison. The last act might be entitled Babylon. Contrary to all warnings, Alexander had determined to fix his seat of Empire there, and received the envoys from Greece decreeing to him divine honours. He has resolved, in his restless grief after the loss of Hephestion, to march westward in his course of conquest, and had his plans ready for the subduing of the whole world. The marsh fever from the inundations strikes him, and the would be conqueror dies.

This sketch of the historical points selected by Mr. de Vere will give but a very inadequate idea of the masterly way in which the principles of the drama are observed as to the gradual unfolding of the action which is before the reader. The beautiful friendship of Alexander for Hephestion runs like a silver cord through the whole, and the scenes between them explain to us the darkening of the hero's mind by pride and obstinacy, his friend acting as a sort of conscience to him, whose advice he nevertheless disregards. Thus, at the very outset of the play, Alexander evidently shows his contempt for the legend which made him the son of Zeus, while in the last scene of all he chooses for his "burial-place, the fane of his great father," Ammon. There are also some very beautiful scenes occurring throughout the whole drama, in which the ladies of the family of Darius play the chief parts—the Queen, her daughter and niece, Arsinoe and Amastris. Mr. de Vere puts into the mouth of Arsinoe some beautiful passages, the expression of the "gropings" after truth in the highest pagan minds, which St. Paul speaks of as intended in the providence of God. Hephestion makes acquaintance with Arsinoe when she is prisoner at Tyre, and their mutual love blends the softest strains of tenderness with the other notes of the whole drama. Each has to make the sacrifice of affection,

unknown to the other; for Alexander knowing nothing of the state of his friend's feelings, chooses, as we have said, Arsinoe for himself and gives Hephestion another bride. In the same way, the darker lines of the picture run through the whole in the jealousy of Philotas, son of Parmenio, on account of Alexander's love for Hephestion, his determination to avenge himself, which is worked out in his conspiracy, which nearly succeeds, and in the final catastrophe by which, after his death and that of his father, Alexander unwittingly himself causes the death of his favourite by putting him under the care of Phylax, a physician who had been in league with Philotas.

We can only hope that our very imperfect account of this drama, a work which we venture to call an important contribution not only to English poetry, but also to the philosophy of history, may provoke our readers to study it as it deserves. And now, having done in so poor a manner our duty in attempting to sketch its main outlines and chief heads of merit, we may pass to the far more pleasant occupation of transferring to these pages some few passages which may serve as specimens of that poetic sweetness mingled with power, of which it has not yet been our lot to speak. Here is a scene which follows close on a stormy struggle in Alexander's heart and councils, at the end of which he has resolved to put Parmenio to death for complicity in his son's conspiracy, and to march on India to make the troops forget their much-loved old general. The speakers are Arsinoe and Amastris—the latter the elder of the two cousins.

*Arsinoe.* Let me see your book :  
'Tis that you read in Tyre's old palace garden—

*Amastris.* The day we saw him last.

*Arsinoe.* Hephestion?

*Amastris.* Him :

Your eyes grow large.

*Arsinoe.* That day you scarce were near us.

*Amastris.* He better than the maiden loved the child :

I left him with you then and many a time

Before that morning. Cousin, here's a song :

Read it ; my eyes grow dim.

*Arsinoe.* It is of Cyrus.

*Amastris.* We'll read not that. Assyrians wept that day

As we weep now : the Babylonian air

Was thick with sobs : above Chaldæa's plain

Like a great wind went forth the orphan's cry.

Ungenerous are the bards.

*Arsinoë.*

And for that cause

Unjust. Here's one that's not a song of triumph.

[Reads.]

*Marriage Song.*

I.

Love begins upon the heights,  
 As on tree-tops in the spring  
 April with green foot alights  
 While the birds are carolling ;  
 Aye, but April ends with May :  
 Love must have the marriage-day !

II.

Love begins upon the heights,  
 As o'er snowy summits sail  
 First the dewy matin lights  
 Destined soon to reach the vale :  
 Aye, but maidens must not grieve  
 That morn of love hath noon and eve.

III.

Love is Dream and Vision first :  
 Proud young Love the earth disdains ;  
 But his cold streams, mountain-nursed,  
 Warm them in the fruitful plains  
 Ere the marriage-day is sped :  
 Peal the bells ! The bride is wed !

*Amastris.* If love indeed begins upon the heights  
 'Twere well he ended there. His starry feet  
 Would thus their splendour best retain. It may be  
 Maidens that, loving well, unwedded die,  
 In this may be more blest than those who find  
 Love's loveliest human home.

*Arsinoë.*

I would not wed ;

And you from many a suit have turn'd—scarce gently.

*Amastris.*

Arsinoë ! you will wed, who would not wed ;

I die, who would not die. Our life's amiss !

I must not say it :—no, our life is gentle ;

You'd rather live ill-match'd than fail in duty ;

I'd rather die than prove to friendship false,

Of love unworthy. Each will have her best.

*Arsinoë.*

O friend, my earliest friend, my best ! how much

To you I owe ! how hard had been without you !

In the deep bosom of your boundless love

I breathed a generous and a healing clime :

In all our sorrows you, yourself an orphan,

Out of your poverty for me had wealth,

And pitied me so sweetly that perforce

I ceased myself to pity, and smiled through tears.

You only lived in others. Well they served you,

The Songs you loved so well ! With light they clothed you :

In them you bathed as in some wood-girt stream

Crystalline ever. I, upon the bank,  
But felt the dew upon its breath, the drops  
Shower'd from your hand :—they cool'd an aching forehead.  
*Amastris.* Ah, ere we clothe us with that water-light,  
We drop the warm, protecting garb of earth !  
Who feign'd the nymphs feign'd them invulnerable  
By bitter north wind, or the hunter's dart.  
My mother said the Songs would teach me sorrow—  
They taught me sorrow and joy ; would leave me weak—  
They left me weak and strong. I lived in others ;  
But you for others lived. To this green spot  
(Should he return) you'll lead him, my Arsinoe !  
You'll give him here this book of songs :—he knew it—  
Read him some few—not this, for he is blithesome,  
This song as plaintive as the voice of child  
Heard lonely from the harvest field afar  
When twilight wraps the land. Bordering the scroll  
Are golden stars, and little pictured fancies :  
Here is the mother-bird that feeds her brood  
From her own breast ; and here's a foolish young one  
That bends above the on-rushing stream, athirst,  
And yet afraid to drink :—the spray is bending :—  
Most are the work of others : one was mine,  
Ere yet this hand had learn'd its trick of shaking.  
If you should name my name, mark well his face  
So bright that day, and note if he remembers.  
Say that we spake of him—that I was happy  
In life—in death. You'll say not that I loved him.  
Give me one kiss. You're welcome, merry maidens,  
Albeit so soon returned. Set down my litter.

Here is Alexander's famous speech, to the mutineers of Opis,  
after the ringleaders have been seized and their heads flung  
among the crowd—

Ye swineherds, and ye goatherds, and ye shepherds,  
That shamelessly in warlike garb usurp'd  
Your vileness cloak, my words are not for you ;  
There stand among you others, soldiers' sons,  
Male breasts, o'er-writ with chronicles of wars,  
To them I speak. What made you that ye are,  
The world's wide wonder, and the dread of nations ?  
Your king ! What king ? Some king that ruled o'er lands  
Illimitable, and golden-harvested  
From ocean's rim to ocean ? Sirs, 'twas one  
With petty realm, foe-girt and cleft with treasons,  
Dragg'd up from darkness late, and half alive.  
From these beginnings I subdued the earth :—  
For whom ? For you. The increase is yours : for me,  
Whose forehead sweated, and whose eyes kept watch,  
Remains the barren crown and power imperial.  
I found but seventy talents in my chest :

Full many a soldier with his bride late-spoused  
 Gat better dowry. In my ports I found  
 A fleet to Persia's but as one to ten ;  
 I sold my royal farms, and built me ships ;  
 An army found thin worn as winter wolves  
 On Rhodope snow-piled ; my sceptre's gems  
 I changed to bread, and fed it. Forth from nothing  
 I call'd that empire which this day I rule.  
 My father left me this—his Name ; I took it  
 And kneaded in the hollows of my hands ;  
 I moulded it to substance, nerved it, boned it  
 With victories, breathed through it my spirit, its life,  
 Clothed it with vanquish'd nations, sent it forth  
 Sworded with justice and with wisdom helm'd,  
 The one just empire of a world made one.  
 Forget ye, sirs, the things ye saw—the States  
 Redeem'd of Lesser Asia, our own blood,  
 The States subdued, first Syria, then Phœnicia,  
 Old Tyre, the war-wing'd tigress of the seas,  
 And Egypt next ? The Pyramids broad-based  
 Descrying far our advent, rock'd for fear  
 Above their buried kings : Assyria bow'd :  
 The realm of Ninus fought upon her knees  
 Not long : the realm of Cyrus kiss'd the dust :  
 From lost Granicus rang the vanquish'd wail  
 To Issus : on Arbela's plain it died.  
 Chaldæa, Persis, Media, Susiana—  
 We stepp'd above these corpses in our right  
 To Parthia, and Hyrcania, Bactriana,  
 And Scythia's endless waste—  
 The cry from Paromismus answer gave—  
 To Drangiana's dirge : thy doom, Aria,  
 To wan-faced Acherusia spake her own :  
 In vain the Indian Caucasus hurl'd down  
 From heaven-topp'd crags her floods to bar my way :  
 Flood-like we dash'd on vales till then but known  
 To gods, not men, of Greece. Bear witness, ye  
 Aornus, from thine eagle-baffling crest  
 (Vainly by Hercules himself assail'd),  
 By us down-pluck'd, and Nysa, Bacchus-built,  
 When Bacchus trod the East. What hands were those  
 Which from the grove Nysæan and fissur'd rocks  
 The Bacchic ivies rent ? Whose foreheads wore them ?  
 Whose lips upraised the Bacchus-praising hymn ?  
 Whose hands consummated his work—restored  
 To liberty and laws the god-built city ?—  
 Sirs, the vile end of all is briefly told.  
 We pierced the precinct of the Rivers Five,  
 Indus, and other four. The Jewell'd crowns  
 Of those dusk sovereigns fell flat before us :  
 The innumerable armies open'd like the wind  
 That sighs around an arrow, while we pass'd :



Those moving mountains, the broad elephants,  
Went down with all their towers. We reach'd Hydaspes :  
Nations, the horizon blackening, o'er it hung :—  
Porus exult ! In ruin thine were true ;  
While mine, in conquest's hour, upon the banks  
Of Hyphasis—what stay'd me on my way ?  
An idiot army in mid victory dumb !  
I gave them time—three days : those three days past,  
Ye heard a voice, " The gods forbid our march : "—  
Sirs, 'twas a falsehood ! On the Olympian height  
That day the immortal concourse crouch'd for shame :  
Their oracles were dead. 'Twas I that spake it !  
I was, that hour, the Olympian height twelve-throned  
That hid the happy auspice in the cloud,  
And this mine oracle—" Of those dumb traitors  
Not one shall wash his foot in Ganges' wave."  
I built twelve altars on that margin, each  
A temple's height, and eastward fronting :—why ?  
To lift my witness 'gainst you to the gods !  
Once more, as then, I spurn you, slaves ! Your place  
Is vacant. Time shall judge this base desertion  
Which leaves me but the conquer'd to complete  
The circle of my conquests. Gods, it may be,  
Shall vouch it holy, men confirm it just—  
Your places in the ranks are yours no more.

In the scene from which the next passage is taken, Alexander is in his barge on a lake near Babylon, and near some Jewish captives at work.

*Alexander.* Those slaves whom late we pass'd knee-deep in water,  
With blood-shot eyes half blinded by the glare  
And light thin frames, were not of stock Chaldæan :  
Whence came they ?

*Artabazus.* Sire, from Hierosolyma :  
The Assyrian razed their city, burn'd their Temple,  
To exile dragg'd them—grey beards, women, babes :  
In fifty years the Assyrian's empire fell :  
Cyrus, the Persian, loved that Hebrew people  
And loosed them from their bonds. Some few remain'd :  
Their progeny are those you mark'd but now.

*Alexander.* A vision rose before me as I watch'd them :  
I too have stood in Hierosolyma :  
My purpose was to look on it once more :  
Some chance, or humour, on my way from Egypt  
(Near it I march'd) made hindrance, and I pass'd.

*Artabazus.* Sir, to that people you have kindness shown :  
They are ever ill at ease. Their ancient Law  
Forbade their task—rebuilding Belus' temple :—  
'Tis six leagues off, yet there it rises plain :—  
Your clemency vouchsafed a licit toil :  
They deepen yonder channel.

*Alexander.*

Better thus.

The Persians scorn the Assyrians, they, the Hebrews :  
 Between the rival races, and their gods,  
 I hold the balance just. What strain is that ?  
 The Persian and the Babylonian barges  
 Since morn have follow'd mine with hymn, or chaunt :  
 This has a different tone.

*The Song.*

We sate beside the Babylonian river :  
 Within the conqueror's bound, weeping we sate :  
 We hung our harps upon the trees that quiver  
 Above the rushing waters desolate.  
 A song they claim'd—the men our task who meted—  
 "A song of Sion sing us, exile band !"  
 For song they sued, in pride around us seated :  
 How can we sing it in the stranger's land !

*Alexander.*

That song's a dirge, with notes of anger in it :  
 I hate the grief that nothing is save grief.

*Artabazus.*

Sire, these are maidens of that Hebrew race.

*Seleucus.*

The osier banks are pass'd. Once more that strain !

*The Song.*

If I forget thee, Salem, in thy sadness,  
 May this right hand forget the harper's art !  
 If I forget thee, Salem, in my gladness,  
 My tongue dry up, and wither, like my heart !  
 Daughter of Babylon, with misery wasted,  
 Blest shall he be, the man who hears thy moans ;  
 Who gives thee back the cup that we have tasted ;  
 Who lifts thy babes, and hurls them on the stones !

*Alexander.*

That race a history has. Search out its annals !

*Seleucus.*

Our Grecian songs, for all their grace and light,  
 Measured with such were as a wind-toss'd tress  
 Matched with yon sailing rack.

We conclude our extracts with a beautiful contemplation put into the mouth of Arsinoe, who is watching over her sick cousin at Ecbatana, while Alexander is dying at Babylon. It precedes the scene of his death.

*Arsinoe.*

She sleeps. Thou blessed sleep that most dost bless us  
 When we in thy great gift forget the gift,  
 Oh, call us not ingrate ! She sleeps : there's nought  
 Like sleep to help a heavy heart ;—not music ;  
 That brings her back the memory of old times ;  
 Not love like mine ; that whispers of another's ;  
 Not flowers nor song of birds, nor airs sweet laden :  
 If these poor flatteries force a smile upon her,

Brief infidelity how soon avenged,  
The unwonted apparition leaves her dim ;  
And those sad eyes make inquest without words  
" Shall we no more behold him ? "

Silent stars

That flash from yonder firmament serene,  
Ye have no portion in these pangs of earth ;  
Ye mock not man with sympathy infirm :  
I thank you for your clear, unpitying brightness  
That freezes Time's deceits. The Lord of Light  
That which he is, sternly in you hath writ—  
Truth, justice, wisdom, order. Ye endure :  
Our storms sweep o'er you, but they shake you not ;  
Darkness, your foe, but brings your hour of triumph :  
Your teaching is—to bear.

The Lord of Light—

Is it a woman's weakness that would wish him  
Another, tenderer name, the Lord of Love?  
A love that out of love created all things ;  
A love that, warring ever, willeth peace ;  
A patient love, from ill educating good ;  
A conquering love, triumphant over death ?—  
Ah, me ! No land there is that clasps this faith !  
To hold it were to feel from heaven a hand  
Laid on the aching breast of human kind,  
A hallowing touch, yet softer than the kiss  
Of some imagined babe. Come quickly, Death !  
Beyond thy gate is Truth.

*A Lady.*

Madam, but now

Your sister woke, and gently breathed your name ;  
But slept ere I could answer.

*Arsinoë.*

Watch beside her :

When next she moves, make sign.

Eternal Truth,

Why has our Persia miss'd you ? Truth she loved :  
She trained her sons in valour and in truth :  
And yet in vain for you our Magians strain'd  
Their night-dividing eyes ! From sceptred watchers  
Turn'd she her all-pure countenance to reward  
More late some humbler vigil ? It must be !  
The unceasing longing cannot be in vain :  
The agony of virtue crownless here,  
And great love sorrow-crown'd. If earth can find,  
Indeed, no answer to her children's cry,  
Wandering from yon bright host a star will lead  
The lowliest of her wanderers, lowly and wise,  
In age still faithful to their childhood's longing,  
To where in some obscurest spot lies hid  
The saviour-soul of self-subsistent Truth,  
Some great world-conquering, world-delivering Might,  
The future's cradled Hope.

### *Harvey and his Times.*<sup>1</sup>

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CLOSE upon two hundred years ago, the year before his death, Harvey presented to the College of Physicians the title-deeds of his estate, including the library and museum which still bear his name. On this occasion he also provided for the annual celebration of "a general feast to be held within the College for such Fellows as shall please to come," and at the same time, making a separate provision for it, he further signified his will that "on the day when such feast shall be kept, some one person (member of the said College), to be from time to time appointed by the President, shall make an oration publicly in the said College, wherein shall be a commemoration of all the benefactors of the said College by name, and what in particular they have done for the benefit of the College; with an exhortation to others to imitate those benefactors, and to contribute their endeavours for the advancement of the society according to the example of those benefactors, and with an exhortation to the Fellows and Members of the said College to search and study out the secrets of nature by way of experiment, and also for the honour of the profession, to continue mutual love and affection amongst themselves, without which neither the dignity of the College can be preserved nor yet particular men receive the benefit of their admission into the College which they might expect; ever remembering that *concordiâ res parvæ crescunt, discordiâ magnæ dilabuntur.*"

In the names of the distinguished men connected at different periods with the Harveian Oration, we have clear proof that the commemoration established by Harvey has by no means been allowed to fall into decay. Meade, Arbuthnot, and Akenside are amongst them; in later times those of Latham and Hawkins; and now to-day we find that of Dr. West added to the roll of Orators.

<sup>1</sup> *Harvey and his Times.* The Harveian Oration for 1874. By Charles West, M.D., Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

It might be supposed, and naturally enough too, that a Harveian Oration prepared and delivered, in accordance with the wishes of the founder of it, for the benefit of the College of Physicians, could not have much interest for the general reader, yet still the title, *Harvey and his Times*, seems to refute such a supposition; it has something very attractive in it when we recall what those times were, and it speaks of an interest that appeals to a far wider circle than that found within the College bounds. Nor does it mislead us.

Every one knows that Harvey made a wonderful discovery regarding the circulation of the blood; but few, comparatively speaking, have more than the vaguest notion of what that discovery actually was, and still fewer have any idea at all about what manner of man he was who made it. Indeed, to form a real conception of Harvey in "his habit as he lived," would seem to be almost an impossibility, so scanty are the individual traits of his character, apart from his scientific pursuits, that have come down to us. But scanty and scattered though they are, Dr. West has drawn from them a vivid portrait; so striking, in fact, that it forces upon us a sense of its reality. It brings before us a man full of affectionateness, "caring much for home friendships—for the love of his brothers, sisters, nephews and nieces, to all of whom he bequeathed some remembrance, thoughtfully selected according to what would be of most service or give most pleasure;" a man with tender, kindly feeling for the afflicted and needy, anxiously providing for the well-being after his death of a certain half-witted William Foulkes, leaving bequests "to the poor of Folkestone, to the poor of Christ's Hospital, to the poor children of his cousin; and then, one hundred pounds among other my poorest kindred to be distributed at the appointment of my executors;" a man mindful of old friends, willing "my little silver instruments of surgery to Dr. Scarborough, and my velvet gown. Five pounds to my loving friend Dr. Ent, to buy him a ring to keep or wear in remembrance of me. Ten pounds to my very good friend Mr. Thomas Hobbes, to buy something to keep in remembrance of me." And then, still considering the picture, we find a man so utterly void of self-importance, so heedless of renown, that, passing over without one word of complaint, "his library plundered, his manuscripts [the result of the observations of a life-time] destroyed by the Parliamentary soldiers when they rifled his lodgings at Whitehall, he simply desires his loving

friends Dr. Scarborough and Dr. Ent, 'to look over those scattered remains of my poor library, and whatever books, papers, or rare collections they shall think fit, to present to the College, and the rest to be sold, and with the money buy better.' To his published writings he makes no reference; no word occurs about his discoveries; no thought seems given to his fame, nor care expressed for its preservation." His first care disclosed at the beginning of the will, which has furnished Dr. West with perhaps the most winning characteristics of the picture, was, in his own words, "most humbly to render my soul to Him that gave it, and to my Blessed Lord and Saviour Christ Jesus."

Thus feature after feature, delineated with clear, rapid touches—necessarily rapid because barely an hour is allowed for the entire picture—grows upon us, and the great discoverer lives again in "the little dark complexioned man with black eyes and curling hair, which age changed from black to snow-white; rapid in utterance, hasty in manner, choleric in his younger days, and used then in discourse with any one to play unconsciously with the handle of a small dagger which he wore, . . . unwearied in his pursuit of knowledge, . . . most rapid in its acquisition, . . . always as ready to impart it as he was to increase it, . . . delighting in Virgil, and then, with the exclamation, 'He has a devil,' flinging the book from him to the other side of the room, to turn again to the researches from which the poet and enchanter had wiled him too long away, . . . courteous towards his opponents," unheeding detractors, and finally assembling the Fellows of his College at a banquet to present them with the title-deeds of his estate and to exhort them to "continue mutual love and affection among themselves."

Concerning the surroundings and outward circumstances amidst which Harvey grew up, we are reminded that he passed his school days at Canterbury, having entered the King's College immediately after the destruction of the Spanish Armada; that he left Canterbury to pursue his studies at Caius College, and having taken his degree of B.A. there, quitted the University of Cambridge to enter at once that of Padua, famed for its school of anatomy, "which then presented opportunities for study greater than any other in Europe. The statutes of the University prescribed that twice during the academical session, the whole human body should be



publicly dissected by the Professor of Anatomy. Nor were the means neglected to insure the fulfilment of this regulation; for it was provided that, if no criminals were executed within the province of Padua, the University should have the power of claiming bodies from Venice, or elsewhere within the Venetian States." Nor did the statutes which provided so carefully for the advancement of secular knowledge, show forgetfulness in the matter of religion. "The medical session began on October 18, the day dedicated to St. Luke, the beloved physican, when all assembled in the church (the bishops and chief clergy being invited) to hear an oration by some doctor or other learned person in praise of the study of medicine, and to urge the scholars to its diligent pursuit. The whole assembly then heard Mass, after which the Litany of the Holy Ghost was said."

Amongst Harvey's masters, friends, and acquaintances we find Fabricius, the man who when grateful patients forced their gifts on his acceptance, with quaint humour arranged them all in one large room, and wrote upon the door, *Lucri neglecti lucrum*, which Dr. West happily renders, "See what I got by saying, No;" John Thomas Minadous, the traveller and writer; Julius Casserius, a modern Cleanthes, who from his lackey rose to be the colleague of Fabricius, and finally his successor in the professional chair; Fortescue, Willoughby, Lister, Maunsell, Fox, and Darcey; the young Duke of Lennox, kinsman of Charles the First, whom he attended on the Continent in 1630; Thomas, Earl of Arundel, the scholar and patron of art, whom he accompanied during the nine months of his special embassy to Vienna. . . . But the narrow limits of a review remind us that we must draw in, and pass over the very interesting, even to the unscientific, summary of what was known and held with reference to the circulation of the blood and the functions and constitution of the heart, before Harvey's great discovery, as well as the account of the discovery itself. Both the one and the other would suffer from curtailment, and space forbids us to give either at length. Certain it is, however, that knowledge on the subject till that time was most imperfect, and clouded by gross error, due in a measure, no doubt to what Dr. West describes and strongly condemns as "the mixing up of the figurative expressions of theology in scientific inquiries, which interferes grievously with the investigations of truth in the world of matter, while it yields no real because

no intelligent homage to the higher world of belief." Adding, "To Cæsar that which is Cæsar's, holds good in the realm of intellect as well as in the earthly state. Each has its rights, human intelligence as well as divine authority, the lower as well as the higher. To confound the two were to render true fealty to neither."

Remembering the natural impetuosity of Harvey's character, we cannot fail to be struck by the calmness with which he met the attacks directed against his essay, *De Motu Cordis et Sanguinis*. The hardest words that escaped him during the controversy are as free from animosity as they are full of the quiet dignity of tone that springs from rectitude and strength of mind. They occur in his second letter to the younger Riolanus; we give them—

Some there are, detractors, mountebanks, foul-mouthed, whose writings I have made it a rule to myself never to read, since I should think them unworthy of answer. They may indulge their spleen for me; few right-minded persons will care to read what they have written, nor will they obtain that greatest and most desirable of all gifts, the wisdom which God, the giver of all good, grants not to the evil.

We are told that "the same calm temper shows itself all though his Essay. There is nothing in it for display, no attempt at fine writing, no disparagement of others, no indirect laudation of himself; not a word to show that he ever dreamt of the undying fame which was to be his reward. He seems to have gone about it as if it were the simplest thing in the world to have made the greatest discovery that ever had been made in anatomy and physiology. He quietly details his observations, adduces his arguments, answers objections, draws his conclusions, and at last, when he has exhausted his facts, and completed his train of reasoning, he just writes his last sentence and lays down his pen."

Leaving Harvey aside, Dr. West next turns to fulfil his behests that commemoration of the Benefactors of the College should be made and the Fellows of it stirred up to a diligent inquiry into nature's ways. He resolves benefactors into two classes, viz., those who have done us good, to whom we owe gifts of money, gifts of land, something or other that can be bought, and those who have left us the inheritance of their example; and is driven to confess that with the first, the poor endowments of the College allow him to have nothing to do.

After referring to some brilliant instances of the latter, he passes on to the second behest, and earnestly insists on the necessity, in the matter of scientific questions, of putting aside all dogmatisms, all attempt to settle or predetermine by plausible conjecture, or by reasoning, what is most likely or most fitting; all intolerance, all impatience of the conclusions of others; and with humility yet fearlessly, without prejudice, without passion, *sine odio, sine studio*, of diligently searching out and inquiring into the great secrets of nature.

We have given evidence more than enough to show that the Harveian Oration for 1874, is very far from being a mere dry medical disquisition, interesting only to the profession; and having done so, we will conclude our short notice of it with the words of the author, leaving to each one to read the warning delicately conveyed in them, as his own particular circumstances may lead him.

The study of our body, of its wonderful adaptation of means to end, has led all of us to recognize the reign of law, and most of us to see behind the law the Lawgiver, "the divine Harmostes who arranges all in such methodical and tunable proportions." And yet we come upon difficulties, the insoluble difficulties of mechanism, not so perfect but that it might have been more complete; sure to wear out, and in its decay certain to entail suffering—suffering avoidable, unnecessary, which the great Archæus might, had he chosen, have prevented. Much ingenuity has been exerted in the endeavour to explain away these difficulties, and at the same time to resist the conclusion, *Non omnis moriar*, which explains them all.

But our profession gives us, in its exercise, the solution of the problem. We have to do with the spoilt, not with the perfect; the meaning presses on us; we find it in a brief sentence, half of which most are ready to utter with reverence, *Deus qui humanæ substantiæ dignitatem mirabiliter condidisti*—"God who in creating human nature didst wonderfully dignify it;" but two words are still wanting to complete it, *et mirabilius reformasti*—"and hast still more wonderfully renewed it." These solve the otherwise insoluble equation; these give the answer to the enigma.

### *The measures of Catholic Progress.*

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A WRITER in a magazine nominally, we suppose, neither Catholic nor Protestant, for science is of no denomination, but which really, in the instance to which we refer, has shown a considerable amount of sectarianism—has lately told the world, with all the authority which naturally belongs to a statistician, who brings figures and calculations—not to speak of a map—to the support of his assertions, that the Catholic body in England is decreasing in numbers in proportion to the general progress of the population. The article in the *Geographical Review* to which we refer, and which some kind friends of our own have done us the honour of requesting us to answer, without at the same time pointing out any sources of information less evidently fallacious, or unworthy of reliance, than those on which the assertion in question is founded, is based chiefly, as far as we can see, upon conclusions derived from some supposed statistics of Catholic marriages to which the author has had access. For our own part we do not believe that any one can tell the exact number of the Catholic population of England, Wales, and Scotland at any two given periods of our recent history, and we are therefore profoundly distrustful of any conclusions that are drawn from such comparisons, and, as a considerable part of that population is floating and migratory, there are some special reasons for thinking that the marriage test is not to be depended on in this case.

Still, it is lawful to take lessons from what our adversaries say of us, and there may be some use in considering how things really are. A few things are certain. It is certain that the Catholic rural population has in many cases dwindled away under the influences which have, over the whole of England, drained the country districts for the benefit of the towns, and the small towns for the benefit of the large towns. It is certain, also, that in many parts of the country where there was formerly

a considerable proportion of English-born Catholics, the descendants of families who had long retained the faith of their ancestors, there is now a Catholic population which would be far smaller in number than it is if it were not for the large Irish immigration which has taken place in the course of the last thirty years. It is, we fear, also certain, that many families have changed their religion since the days of Catholic Emancipation, that mixed marriages, more common since that time, have done their work, and that the remarkable gains to the Church which resulted, under Providence, from the "Oxford movement" and other kindred causes, have been more than counterbalanced, as far as numbers and wealth can counterbalance them, by losses of this kind. We must also reckon, as an element against us in this calculation, the perpetual draining away of the children of the poorer classes, especially of Irish parents, under the tender handling of Poor Law Guardians, and the managers of District Schools. When the Christian Kingdoms of Spain were, in the days of misfortune, obliged to make shameful terms of peace with their Moorish neighbours, the most disgraceful of all the conditions which they had to submit to were those which forced them to pay an annual tribute of a certain number of Christian girls to the infidels. The Poor Law system, managed as it still is in too many parts of the country by men who hate the Catholic faith and the Irish race as cordially as any despot who ruled in Granada ever hated Spaniards or Christians, imposes a tribute of the same sort upon our indigent population, and especially on our orphans of both sexes.

Again, no Poor Law system is needed for the perversion of the numberless abandoned children whose parents still live, but are too careless themselves to lift a finger to save them from their fate. And besides all this, it must be remembered that all social influences are practically combined to help on the neglect of religion or the apostasy of that numerous class in all communities, the young of both sexes who are desirous to rise and get on in this world. The Catholic young lady who is forced to make herself a governess, or who has a taste for teaching, will get on better if she hides or if she abandons her religion. The Catholic servant-girl will be rejected time after time from the place which she needs as her only hope of salvation from starvation or infamy, because she cannot go to family prayers or attend the Protestant

Church. The Catholic young man who wishes to become clerk in an office or in a bank, knows that he would have a better chance without his religion. Does he wish to rise at the bar? At all events there is a prejudice against him. Does he wish to get on the staff of some newspaper or periodical? He must at least put his religion in his pocket. The educational foundations of the country are closed against him. Catholicism is, or at all events may be, against him in every department of the public service and in every liberal profession. It is not wonderful if all this should produce some effect. Rather, it would be a miracle if it were otherwise, and not every one has the faith to which miracles are vouchsafed.

We are not, therefore, at all concerned to answer the statistics on which the statement in question has been grounded. They appear to us to be utterly and palpably untrustworthy, but we are not prepared with any counter series of statistics producing an opposite result, nor would it serve any useful purpose if we could show that there are at this time some few thousands, or some few hundreds of thousands, of Catholics in the United Kingdom more than there were ten years or twenty years ago. Every gain of this kind is of great importance, because it shows that a larger number of souls are within the range of the life-giving graces of the Christian sacraments, and in that sense it would be a matter for thanksgiving to God's good mercy. But there are measures of advance for a body like the Catholic body, in England especially, which are more valuable and more significant than those which are reckoned by the counting of heads. The growth of the Catholic body, which we could wish to have ascertained, is its growth in compactness, in organization, in the knowledge of its own resources and in their fuller development, in courage and manly assertion of its own rights, in independence of party politics and social tyrannies, in the literary and intellectual power which may enable it to command the attention of the mass around it, and do something towards cleansing the air of England of that lurid cloud of insolent mendacity which is puffed up daily and weekly from almost as many organs of the Press as there are furnaces and chimneys in the Black Country. We wish to see it able to hold its own whenever the interests of the faith are concerned, to make itself and its cause respected by conscientious opponents, and



dreaded by those who in times past have thought that they need never care whatever liberties they took with it. We wish to see it trusting to the loyal labours of its own members, lay as well as ecclesiastical, religious as well as secular, each in their own proper sphere, and depending upon them to meet its own requirements. We wish to see it able to give them of its own the highest and best education in all departments of knowledge, and not begging for degrees at the doors of infidel Universities, and forced to shape its own studies to satisfy their examinations. These and a great many other things which might be named, we wish, under the name of progress, for the Catholic body, and by the standard thus set up we would wish that the judgment should be formed, whether Catholicism has advanced in England or not, rather than by the mere test of numbers. And we are bold enough to think with some confidence that, according to such a standard, our progress has been such that we may well be thankful for it, as well as hopeful for the future. We know perfectly well that we are a small and weak body, and that such we must expect to remain for an indefinite period. But we may hope that we are gradually unlearning many of the pettinesses and follies which so often make bodies in our position more feeble than they need be, that we are gradually consolidating as well as developing our powers, and, above all, gaining that mutual confidence and that courage which belong to men who feel that they have received from their ancestors, by the mercy of God, the one priceless treasure and source of strength, with which nothing in the world can compare.

Catholic progress, in the sense in which we speak of it, is a large and tempting subject, but it is a subject which has its dangers as well as its attractions. We must for some time to come submit to the inconveniences of being a small body in which every member who is at all prominent is known to every one else. Under such circumstances, not only is it difficult to speak in general terms of praise or blame without appearing to be too personal, but it is also not easy to praise one person or one college or one periodical or one newspaper or one religious body without seeming to imply at least comparative dispraise of others. We suppose that Catholics, especially those who have but just emerged from a state of persecution and are still in a state of proscription, are not more given to jealousies and other miseries of the same character than other people

are. Still, there is no particular reason for tempting fortune in this respect. It is enough to refer to two general heads of what we consider matter for encouragement, one of which relates to the internal condition of the Catholic body, and the other to its position with relation to the Protestant world on every side of it.

In considering what we may call the internal condition of the Catholic body in England, it must be remembered that we are now just at the time when the influence of two extraordinary causes of advance, which marked our history some quarter of a century ago, might be supposed to be somewhat spent. One of these causes was external and, to all appearance, independent of the action of the Catholic body itself. This cause was the remarkable accession to the Church of the band of converts who acknowledge the Oxford "movement" as the origin of their inclining towards Catholicism, and Dr. Newman as the providential instrument whose mind and whose course guided theirs. Every one at all acquainted with the facts of the case is quite aware that the stream of conversions has by no means ceased, nor is the influence of the Oxford "movement" as yet dead. But the flow and rush of persons of position and high education towards the Church, which began in 1844 and 1845, was not likely to continue in its first proportions, and at present the effect of the "movement" is rather an influence leavening Anglicanism very widely than determining any large bodies of men to submit to the Church.

Another great impulse communicated to the Catholic body in England about the same time was the fruit of the personal work of Cardinal Wiseman, and of the establishment of the Hierarchy of which he became the chief. The influence of Cardinal Wiseman was felt all over the country, and he did an immense work, for which we can never be too grateful to him, in the Roman tone which he gave to the labours of the episcopate and the priesthood, and in the freedom with which he encouraged the labours of others besides himself, religious and seculars, clergy and laity, men of letters and of ideas as well as men of practical energy and devotion to the details of business. We owe to him, for instance, very much of the immense comparative increase of our religious orders, though he was of a character which, if he had fallen on the evil days of jealousy between seculars and religious, would naturally have gravitated to the secular side. We have heard a beautiful

anecdote of him—we know not where—according to which, in a time of personal suffering and even expectation of death, he is said to have thanked God that he never opposed a single good work. And so, we believe, it was with Nicolas Wiseman, large of mind and generous of heart, brimming over with sympathy and tenderly sensitive, whether when it was given him or denied him. But we are not writing his panegyric—when will it be that his Life is to be given to us? It is only to our present purpose to say that coming as he did, just at the time when the establishment of the Hierarchy and other causes gave an extraordinary impulse to the forces of the Catholic body, a man of his character was sure to produce an effect which might live on in its consequences, but which was to a certain extent personal. Other men might do other things, and be other things, but they could not be and do just what Cardinal Wiseman was and did. A man such as he could not but be missed.

Nine years and more have elapsed since his removal, and far more than that space of time has passed since the first burst of the Oxford conversions died away. But the Catholic body has grown year by year. The frequentation of the sacraments is on the increase. Education has made great strides. Religious and charitable institutions multiply. Our papers are better written, more widely circulated, listened to with more deference by those outside us, than even the *Tablet* of Mr. Lucas, or the *Catholic Standard* of Mr. Henry Wilberforce. They are more numerous also. So are our Reviews and Magazines. We have periodicals of all sorts and colours, from the blushing pink of youthful modesty to the unconquerable green of the doughtiest orthodoxy. In biography, in history, in criticism, in controversy, no one is better aware than ourselves how much more remains to be done, but when we look back on the last few years, and consider the smallness and poverty of our body, we have no reason to despair and much for thankfulness. In literature, as in practical work, in the answers to controversial attacks, as in the case of the education of children or of orphans, the last few years have witnessed a great advance.

Two works, one of which has been in existence for some little time, while the other is but just budding into life, are, each in its several way, remarkably hopeful for the future. The first of these is the Catholic Union, which has already done so much service to our cause, only to make us wish

it a still further and more abundant activity. The other is the new College for Higher Studies, which is soon to be opened at Kensington, under the auspices of Mgr. Capel. These works have this in common, that they are of that class in which to begin is half the battle. In regard to the latter, indeed, we can hardly call it the beginning of our efforts at a Higher Catholic Education, inasmuch as similar objects have been for many years aimed at at Ushaw, Oscott, Stonyhurst, and perhaps elsewhere. But there has never yet been so much of combination and so much of authority about our efforts, and if there was nothing more to be hoped from the present movement than that it should bring fresh and combined powers to bear upon the very difficult problem of Higher Education, it would still be a matter of great rejoicing that it has been set on foot. It may have its great results and triumphs by and bye—one of which, we trust, may be the emancipation of Catholic education from the examination-papers of the University of London. We are now speaking only of present benefits. And, as we consider the mere bringing together of our zealous Catholic laymen of high position to concert measures for the advancement of the interests of the general body, to be one great present fruit of the establishment of the Catholic Union, so we consider the assembly of the Senate of this new Catholic College to be of the highest importance for the future of good education in the interests of our most influential classes. Our educational needs, and especially our needs in the matter of Higher Education, can never be met, save by "a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether," and we may hope that such may be the result of the conferences of this new body, in which the religious orders are represented as well as the secular clergy, the laity as well as the Episcopate. Education is certainly a field in which there is abundant room for all workers, and in which no jealousies and no exclusiveness can long prevail.

In considering all the various elements of advance which have been so slightly touched upon in the foregoing paragraphs, we **must** remember how much wisdom lies for us in an honest acknowledgment of the mistakes and shortcomings of the past, from which indolence and incompetence alike shrink instinctively—we mean the truth that the success of the future will not be wrought for us by Providence unless we manfully put our own shoulders to the wheel to secure it. We have made way, but

we have much more way to make. True, education has made strides—but it is as yet far from perfect, while all around us others are making great improvements. It is a fact, for instance, that as to a great number of our Poor Schools there is no inspection, and so no test of their efficiency beyond the character of the teacher. Our Convent Schools have lately been unfairly attacked; but it does not follow that there are not many points about them as to which they might be bettered. Our Charitable and Religious Institutions multiply, but they need more support than is often given to them. Our papers are better and more numerous than they were, but we feel assured that their Editors would be the first to acknowledge that they wish they could make them much better.<sup>1</sup> So, too, in other matters. We attempt a great many things, and we do them fairly well. It is a great thing to have made the attempt. It will be a much greater thing to continue it, and patiently improve every detail at whatever cost of time and labour.

But what was meant to be a paper of a few short paragraphs is growing under our hands, and we have yet to say a few words as to the improved relation, as we conceive it, in which the Catholic body at present stands to those outside the Church. We can never expect to see the day in which the old Protestant traditions, so false and so malignant in

<sup>1</sup> It has lately been said, we have not an idea by whom—"The Catholic periodical press is too often stained by fulsome adulation, and it is nauseating whenever and wherever found. How often are books published by Catholic writers praised to an extent wholly disproportioned to their deserts, while their glaring faults are kept entirely in the background! Yet this is a shortsighted policy, for the praise would be taken as better deserved if it were accompanied by judicious blame. *Catholic readers now habitually distrust reviews in their own periodicals, and seek for just appreciations elsewhere*" (*Westminster Gazette*, July 4, p. 520). This is somewhat sweeping, perhaps, but it is worth while to note the defect which the writer points out, as it is a defect which naturally arises in a small body. A. B. C. D. E. and F. may stand as the names of so many Catholic writers, all of them men of position, all of them known to each other, all of them able to get admission to the columns of our three or four newspapers. Each in turn writes his book, and the remainder of the small alphabet "do" the reviewing for him. They certainly will not praise what is bad—but will they criticize all that deserves criticism? We know of a few cases in which the writers of books asked their own friends to review them in every one of our organs. In some cases the publishers were told *not* to send copies to the Editors. The writers of the reviews had about as much real liberty as the Archbishop in *Gil Blas* meant him to have as to the prelate's sermons. We are bound to say that we believe the authors acted in the utmost simplicity, and had no idea whatever that they were injuring the independence of Catholic criticism—a thing which ought to be very dear to all who have the interests of the Catholic body at heart.

their falsehoods as to Catholicism, will entirely lose their power on the minds of Englishmen in general. In this respect we have not much progress to report. There is still the same immense and uncontrolled misrepresentation, the same unfairness in refusing to listen to Catholic explanations, the same constant repetition of old calumnies after their explanations have been given again and again. Indeed recent political events have, to some extent, quickened the activity of many of our traducers. People are beginning to find out that the Italian Kingdom is nothing more or less than an organized system of robbery and mendacity, that Bismarck's ecclesiastical measures in Germany are the embodiment of a brutal tyranny which no English Parliament, however corrupt, would submit to, that a portion even of the English press is in the pay of the Prussian Chancellor, and that the majority of Frenchmen are inclined to give the Church her due, and the claims of Henri Cinq are not the less acceptable to many of his countrymen because he wishes to establish a Catholic monarchy. All these things alarm the infidel scribes who wish to see the State everywhere dominant over the Church, and the natural result is a recrudescence of their bitterness against the Catholic body which lies nearest at hand to themselves. Other causes might be named for the same result, especially the resolute attitude of Catholics in the matter of religious education. We do not see, therefore, indeed we can hardly on all grounds hope to see, the virulence of the anti-Catholic Press mitigated as regards ourselves.

But the virulence of the present day is rather the virulence of fear than of contempt or indifference. The minds of men have been deeply stirred in the course of the last twenty years as to many points of the religious question which were not subjects of agitation to Englishmen of the last generation. It is becoming more and more evident that the alternatives open to thinking and logical minds are only two—Catholicism or Infidelity, and whatever may be the fears which may lawfully be entertained as to the issue of a choice between these two antagonisms on the part of a large portion of the population, it is some consolation to reflect that the issue has not been forced on by ourselves, but has come as the natural result of the progress of ideas, and that in England, more than perhaps any other country



of the world, we may reckon upon thousands and thousands of hearts which are with us in truth if they could but see their way. At no time, as far as we can tell, have there been more frequent or more successful appeals made to the religiousness, the love of truth, the honesty, the sense of duty, which are a part of the English character, and which the circumstances of English life are, in many cases, so well calculated to foster. We are bound to bear witness to the zeal, though not according to knowledge, of our countrymen, and we may trust that it will be not for nothing that the present and the last generation have done so much to honour God, as they conceive it, in the building and adorning of churches, in the promotion of education, in the development of a hundred works of personal devotion and beneficence. If the prayers and alms of Cornelius went up to plead for him before God, we may surely trust that the history of so many who have imitated his good deeds may end as his history ended. And we think it is not too much to say that the eagerness for religious knowledge in our countrymen has grown side by side with their activity in religious works, of various kinds, and that the result is an anxious, wistful, instinctive looking towards the Catholic body, a desire to know more about it, and a wish to think better of it than before.

At the moment at which we write, the active minds of the Anglican Establishment are all in excitement on the subject of Ritualism. Before these lines can be published, the Conservative Government and the House of Commons will have had to make up their minds as to the treatment which they will accord to the Public Worship Regulation Bill, a measure proposed, as we believe, by the Protestant Episcopate in the simple desire of doing their duty loyally to the law of the Establishment, but which is nevertheless looked on by one set of men as an instalment of persecution, and by another as a means of purging Anglicanism of its sacerdotal elements. It is not for us to speculate on the result, and we only mention this matter as a proof of the large grasp which the questions raised by the Ritual movement, have taken on the public mind. He will be a successful peacemaker who shall calm the storm which has been raised. But there can be no question that the strength of sympathy which Ritualism has enlisted on its side, and the large and deep hostility which it has provoked, are

alike evidences of the force with which certain Catholic ideas have been put before the minds of the people, and of the general acknowledgment of the vital importance of those ideas. Further than this it may not be safe to go. Ritualism has two faces, and if one scowls angrily upon the Reformation and all concerned in it, the other is hardly less lurid and malignant in its glances at Catholicism. Ritualism is the child of private judgment and unauthorized interpretation of Scripture and antiquity, and it hates the Reformation with all the intensity of the Reforming spirit. It feels that the Catholicism of which it has laid hold does not belong to it, and that it can gain no right thereto except by a submission which would reduce it to insignificance, and hence its aspect towards the Church is by no means that of a dutiful child. But as certain people of old held the truth captive in injustice, according to St. Paul's vivid language, so, are the Ritualists preaching extensively a number of doctrines hitherto very unpalatable to Englishmen, without having the slightest right to take such words into their mouths. But truths are always truths, and always fruitful when they fall on good soil, and we venture to believe that there is much good soil among the Englishmen of the present day. Let us hope that if Mr. Disraeli and Dr. Tait between them manage to make the Ritualists feel, by the cogent action of law and authority, what the rest of the world has so long been telling them—that they have no proper home in the Establishment as long as they pretend to that Catholicism which it is the one certain doctrine of that Establishment to deny and denounce—they will reconsider the very slender grounds on which at present they base their position. Then will come the time for them to “reveal the thoughts” that are in their hearts. They will divide, as the Tractarians before them divided; some to add another distinct sect to the long catalogue of English denominations, some, and, we hope, the larger number, to submit to the Truth and find peace under the shadow of St. Peter.

## *Catholic Review.*

### I.—REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

#### 1. *Souvenirs de ma Jeunesse, &c.* Père Gratry.

THAT Catholics suffer in many ways from the prevalent opinions and modes of thought with which they are brought in contact, and towards which they are often powerfully impelled by the attractions of sympathy, the duties of responsibility and friendship, and the necessities of their mental life, is a truth so evident and so continually presenting itself before us, that to repeat it might almost seem to merit the reproach of uttering a truism. And yet it is a fact which it is well to recall to our minds, and to face very plainly and very honestly, whenever, as so often happens, we are called upon to take stock, as it were, of our intellectual and spiritual position, and to adjust the balance so that no part of that marvellous complexity of will and memory, of imagination and affections, which forms our mental consciousness, should remain barren and uncultivated, and fail to produce its share of the fruit which God will require from every plant in His "still garden of the soul."

One of the difficulties which we would gladly see recognized and fought out by all thoughtful Catholics is this—How can we give its fullest force and prominence to the purely intellectual side of our nature, and satisfy that cry for more light, which in the natural, no less than in the supernatural order, is the soul's first craving; and at the same time neglect none of the means of grace, the secret inspirations, the gentle drawings of the soul to a higher life, the outward practices of devotion, and the inward attitude of mind, which altogether make up the spiritual life of man? In short (applying St. Paul's words to our mental, rather than to our physical position), how to use these things—for we *are* to use them, these yearnings for knowledge, these disappointments in failure, these delights in success, the discouragement at the sight of our weakness before the vastness of that which we would know, and the passions of joy and triumph in the rare moments when our will and our energy have proved themselves even vaster than they, and able to grasp and hold them—but to use them as though we used them not?

That this may be done, and how it may be done, appears to us to be a teaching prominently brought forward, amongst many others, in this fragment—for unfortunately it is not more than a fragment—of the

personal history of one, who, through a life of much struggle, of many difficulties, and even of some mistakes, never lost sight of the truth that science and revelation must walk hand in hand, that one is not complete without the other, and that God is the source of *all* light, human no less than divine, the fountain-head of *all* knowledge, natural no less than supernatural.

"What name am I to give to this writing," begins Père Gratry. "Is it my will? is it my general confession? is it the history of my soul?" "A little of all together," he settles that it is to be, but most, we think, of the last—the soul's autobiography, dating from the first awakening of that soul fresh from its Creator's hand to the spontaneous and externally unaided knowledge of its Creator, up to the time when, after having fallen away and risen again, we have to leave it confirmed and strengthened in grace, having offered a heroic sacrifice, which though not accepted in the manner in which it was offered, left, we doubt not, its traces on all the after life. The "first serious memory," of Père Gratry's life, reminds us of and is a beautiful commentary on some fine passages in the *Grammar of Assent*, in which Dr. Newman describes the marvellous—we may believe intuitive—impression of God on the conscience of a child who is free from influences antagonistic to religion. At five years of age, the young Alphonse tried vainly one day to open a door which was too heavy for his strength, and in its resistance became for the first time conscious of his own existence and of the existence of other beings outside himself, and by a sublime intuition realized instantaneously from these two existences, a third—"A Being beautiful, blessed, worthy of love and full of mystery," from which those others were and on which they depended. Long did this privileged soul dwell in the heaven which was "about his infancy." At twelve years old he came to his first Communion in a state of baptismal innocence, which appears to have been maintained rather by God's secret workings in his soul and by the natural virtues inculcated by his parents than by any outward helps and instructions. "My mother," he says, "taught me to pray, and to love benevolence, virtue, and veracity; my father, to love justice, honour, truth, and knowledge;" and his love for them amounted to adoration, so that he looked upon them as "two impeccable angels, knowing everything, and able to do everything;" but in the, otherwise, careful and excellent education he received from them, little attention appears to have been given to religious teaching or practice. Nevertheless, this first Communion, the preparation for which was very short and insufficient, was an epoch in the youth's life from which he dated not only spiritual and moral, but even intellectual growth. "It is certain that after my first Communion, and for more than a year, everything within me was as if God had been with me. Neither before nor since have I known anything like it. I expected nothing, I thought nothing, I knew nothing, and I did not carry back these effects to my first Communion. It is only now that I see the link between them. . . . I attribute, also, to my first Communion,

certain intellectual developments which took place in me shortly afterwards. For instance, I had just begun Latin. I shall never forget how in an instant the sense of the Latin genius was given me. As I thought over a Latin phrase, the spirit of the language flashed upon me suddenly."

A little further on he draws out and explains further this favourite idea of his, which is alluded to over and over again in the course of the book, of the mental, almost physical, effects on the whole being of the reception of the Eucharist. "I do not, of course, mean that Communion gives faculties to those who have them not. But the intellectual effects of it are not the less powerful. It puts those faculties which we possess into working order, blesses them, develops them, prunes and waters them; like the sun, it warms and enlightens and gives them life." And later on, when he was rising up from the period of scepticism and neglect of God which shadowed some years of his youth, and was approaching the expiration of the term of probation prescribed by his confessor before his re-admittance to the Sacrament, he says again, "Always convinced of the reality of the operations of God, God, the Creator and life renewer of the soul and of the body, I ardently longed for sacramental Communion."

Thanks in some measure to his natural parts, stimulated and enlightened as he believes by this sacramental grace, and in some measure to his educational advantages, young Gratry's scholastic career was one of almost uninterrupted success. His father, acting upon that maxim of the father of Pascal, which appears to us one of profound wisdom—"Always to keep the child ahead of his work," never imposed upon him labour above his strength, and thus saved him from that early discouragement and sense of failure, which in many cases cling to the mind long after the days of boyhood are past, and in some paralyze the man's later efforts and militate against the usefulness of a lifetime. Thanks to his love for his mother, which made separation from her impossible to him, he was kept at home, and at a day school, until the age of sixteen—a curious instance this of the difference of French ideas of education from those which prevail in our own country, where no grief of the mother or tears of the child will soften the inexorable fate which has decreed the hour, often a very early one, of their separation. A separation, be it remarked, too often fraught with fatal consequences to the young boy, who is torn from his home with all its softening influences and the fostering care which the tender soul and mind require, and thrown into a focus of roughness, of ambition, sometimes, alas! of corruption, before he is strong enough to stand alone and hold his own against the opposing influences which may end by outweighing the home love and the home teaching.

Well, indeed, was it for young Gratry that he had passed the time of early boyhood, and reached an age when to some extent, at least, the character is formed and the principles fixed, before his exposure to the dangers of French collegiate life, for his description of the state

of things in the College of Henri Quatre, short and reticent as it is, is very appalling. It was, so to speak, the thing for the more thoughtful and intellectual of the pupils to lose whatever faith they possessed when they entered the school, and in this they seem to have been ably seconded by their professors, those amongst them who by their enthusiasm, eloquence, lofty ambitions, and purity of life, obtained most influence with their pupils, using that influence to destroy all belief in religion, and respect for either spiritual or temporal authority. Père Gratry, who had been brought up in all the most advanced opinions, religious and political, and who even at the time of his first Communion and greatest boyish fervour had never been able to overcome his horror of priests and ecclesiastics, had before long been partially carried away by the stream. He ceased to go to confession, and, though he never went so far as to deny the existence of a God, there came a moment when he doubted it. But God watched over this soul and never permitted it to go away from Him, quite out into the darkness; even in the days when he had lost all faith, he still persevered to a certain extent in prayer, by never entirely neglecting the advice given him by an old priest at some period of his education, whenever he met with any difficulty in his work to lift up his heart to God and beg His assistance, a practice to which he attributed much of the success which crowned his studies, and which he continued even when his prayers were no longer formal and explicit, by an ardent desire which was addressed indirectly to God.

Rather more than a year passed thus, a year of the hard work which Père Gratry calls "the prayer of the intellect," and to which he attributes much of his moral safety and even of his spiritual rehabilitation, when came to pass that event which he calls the greatest of his life, and which, though it had little immediate effect upon him, nevertheless prepared his mind for the reception of future graces and for that conversion to God, which in some shape or other every soul has to make at some period of its existence. Long as the passage is we cannot forbear to quote the greater part of it in the writer's own words.

It was an autumn evening. We had just returned to college after the vacations. . . . I was sitting on my bed indulging in pleasant reflections on the scholastic year which was beginning. Then began in my soul the following interior discourse. It is engraved on my memory for all eternity in its entirety and its details, however trivial may have been its starting point—

"Here I am in my second year of rhetoric; I am first of my class and of my college, perhaps I am first of all the pupils in Paris. Shall I win the first prize of honour? May I not win all the first prizes at the universal examination? *Alas*, that would be difficult; but three or four, yes, that is very possible.

"Next year, in philosophy, I shall probably obtain the prize of honour. After that I shall take my degree. Shall I be the first among the graduates? Shall I possess more knowledge and more talent than the one who has most? Why not? I see already how little men work; few men have strength of will, energy, and perseverance. Indolence and softness are



general. So I shall win if I choose, by dint of zeal, hard work, and tenacity of purpose.

"I shall learn to speak and to write. I shall speak and write as well as the best. I shall be a good lawyer. I shall never lie, for to lie is absurd and degrading. When I defend a cause, men will know it is a just one. Whatever I say, they will know it is what I think. I shall achieve a high position and a large fortune.

"But a profession will not suffice me. I must have something better and higher; I must do something great. I will write a book. Ah, but in what rank in literature will my book place me? Shall I attain to the French Academy? Undoubtedly. But to what level of glory? Will it be that of Laharpe or Cassimir Delavigne? That would be good. But that might not be enough. . . . Would it be that of Voltaire, Rousseau, Racine, Corneille, Pascal? Perhaps this is too ambitious, but it is impossible to tell! . . .

"My father and mother and sister will be happy. I shall have many friends. I shall buy a country house not far from Paris. I shall marry. Oh, what love and what happiness!"

This was the first part of my soliloquy, which paused here in order to give place to a sort of contemplation of the happiness before me. At this moment God endowed my imagination with a wonderful clearness, fertility, life, and beauty. I saw my existence winding on from year to year in ever-increasing happiness. I saw persons, things, events, places. I could see my home, my friends, my family; the fair and beloved partner of my life; my children, my pleasures, my amusements, joy shared with others, and the joy of my own hearth.

No magic mirror was there to show the youth what his real life was to be. As the long, happy, well spent years unrolled before him, he could not see the young man giving up his cherished pursuits and burying himself in uncongenial studies; nor joining himself with others to lead an obscure and uneventful life far away from the interests and affections that were dear to him; nor the humble Redemptorist novice, seeking in poverty and privation to understand God's will and His designs; nor the devoted priest, who having given up all thought of self, of happiness, of fame, of success, was spending and being spent in the service of God, of His Church, and of the souls of men. No; the bright vision grew clearer, the hopes of happiness higher, and always he said, "What next? What more?" And then came the sudden revulsion—what was left to come? Death, only death. Death first, perhaps, to the beloved ones who were to make that future worth having, and then his own death. With the same strength and clearness he followed all the circumstances of that last hour, and then, "All is over," I said; "no more father, or mother, or friends; the beloved of my heart has ceased to live, I myself have ceased to live. . . . No more sun, or men, or world! Nothing!"

Then flashed upon him the certainty that such has been and ever will be life, men are born and die, the generations come and they pass, "like the waves of a river which is approaching a cataract, into which they all descend, each in its turn, but to remain underground and never again to see the sun." And with this certainty came terror, darkness, and despair. Then from the very depth of his being rose a cry, a cry which seemed to reach to the utmost limits of the universe,

and re-echo far off into space. . . . "O God! O God! I cried, and I was not alone. There was another within me who cried, and who gave to my cry an irresistible power. O God! O God! Light! Help! Solve me the problem. . . . O my God! show me the truth, and I promise to consecrate my whole life to it! At once I understood that I had not cried in vain. I felt that there was or there would be an answer."

No outward results of this great lesson from God were to appear in the immediate life of the young scholar. He went on as before, absorbed in his studies and occupations, and without putting much earnestness into his resistance of evil, never setting foot in a church, and a prey to that most subtle of temptations—intellectual pride. It was not for another year that grace visited him afresh, in the form of a new professor, who possessed (rare union in that time and place!) all the intellectual gifts which would win the confidence of a mind like Père Gratry's, and along with them the graces of a fervent and practising faith. The result of many conversations, especially of one which the writer gives in detail, and which is unfortunately too long for insertion and would not bear abridgement, was the resolution to seek a priest and go to confession. After several months of probation, Père Gratry received absolution and was admitted to Communion. He awoke on the morning of that day, the one following his absolution, in a state which he had entirely forgotten; it was to him as if his calm and holy childhood had returned to him, and he hastened to the church, with the peace, not of the baptismal innocence of his first Communion, but of innocence lost and found again. But the effects of this Communion were not such as he had expected. It seemed that the spirits of evil would have one last struggle for the possession of this soul, and that the God who had but now strengthened his will and influenced his heart by His divine presence, would withdraw from him His sensible graces and permit him to go through the fight and win the victory apparently alone and unassisted.

After, as it were, a silence and a dead calm, which lasted about an hour, having returned to my room, I felt a furious tempest rise within my soul, a terrible struggle between entire faith and radical unbelief; between pure light and absolute darkness. So intense was it, as to be almost vision. I can still see in the corner of my room, on which my eyes were fixed, a sort of double pillar, one side of it bright light, the other palpable darkness; and, in the first moments, no love of the light, no horror of the darkness, but utter indifference. For a quarter of a minute I maintained a perfect balance. It was perhaps the most solemn moment of my life. I had fullest freedom of choice. I felt the instant when I was about to lean towards the side of absolute unbelief. I should have fallen far below all the states which I had gone through before, far below the moment in which I cried to God—"O Lord! the truth, that I may devote myself to it." I was about to become an inflexible enemy to all religion, an ever obdurate infidel. Happily a very feeble, but a very arduous movement of my free will which no grace, no strength seemed to support, which God seemed to have abandoned to its nothingness, an imperceptible but quite free movement, I say, of my mind and heart, impelled me gently to the other side, and from thence I sprang with transport towards the light, reaching

out my arms to God, and saying to Him, "I choose Thee!" From this moment I may say that I have never had a more serious temptation against faith.

It was during Père Gratry's year of philosophy that this return to God took place, and, as at the time of his first Communion, the stream of light and grace let in upon his soul seemed to quicken his intellectual faculties. "Oh," he says, "do I not know whether faith destroys reason, whether it does not raise and strengthen it!" The youthful crudities of tastes and enthusiasm began to give place to the appreciation of thoughts disguised in the fewest possible phrases. Things, not words, were what he now sought and valued, and his own ideas became cleared and concentrated into living centres, which he calls *Stellar*, as they seemed to send out their rays in all directions, and enabled him to bring every problem back to its original *star*.

With the progress of faith came the growing conviction that if religion is to take its proper place in the world it must unite itself with science, and not allow it to become an antagonistic influence, so that to profess the one should be almost equivalent to hating and denying the other. He saw plainly how impossible it is for either religion or science to be the perfect instruments for good which God intends them to be without the support one of the other, and his most ardent desire was to see them united in the mind of a man of genius. Believing that it was the duty of all thinkers to do their part towards this happy consummation, he set himself to ponder how he could so far alter the direction of his studies, which had been entirely classical, judicial, and philosophical, as to qualify himself for scientific research. To this end, with much difficulty he obtained admittance into the Polytechnic School. The great sacrifices which were involved in this step, the change of career, the disappointment to his parents, the giving up of cherished pursuits and studies in favour of most uncongenial ones, were some of the first fruits of his conversion, and were followed by even greater renunciations, for he shortly afterwards yielded after many struggles to an inspiration which prompted him to bind himself by vow to the counsels of perfection, and though he had at this time no thought of ever becoming a priest or a religious, he undertook "never to marry, to enter no profession, never to become rich, to 'seek only the kingdom of God and His justice,' by never occupying himself with his future in this world, to keep himself free from everything except the will of God, His truth and justice, and to labour through life to know truth and make it known, and to draw out of their darkness the greatest possible number of men."

What was there still to be done? All that could make the joy of existence was resigned, the approval of parents, the sympathy with friends, the sense of being in unison with the age and society in which he had hitherto moved, the absorbing interests of his youth, even the cherished dream of love and life shared together, which, though but a dream, had been his safeguard and protection through

danger and temptation while yet the laws of God and the grace of the sacraments had not power to check and curb him! But there was still a fight to be fought, a struggle to be maintained before the victory was won. Still there worked in the soul of the young athlete the intellectual pride, the contempt for ecclesiastical authority, and dislike or misapprehension of the daily ministry and work of the Church which had been inculcated on his childhood and had grown up with him till it seemed to be a part of his own individuality. But God was with him and was leading him by the hand along a path which, rough and painful though it was, brought him at length into the fulness of light. For six months he was a prey to the most terrible desolation, all help exterior and interior seemed to have failed him, his fainting strength was only kept up by his frequent Communions and the constant study of the Holy Scriptures, which were meat and drink to his soul. And when at length the sky cleared and the clouds were swept away, life and warmth came back to him in the shape of an ardent love for his brothers in the world. He who at eighteen felt the deepest contempt for human nature, and who, when after his conversion he had dedicated himself to work for the regeneration of mankind, still felt it impossible to believe in its perfectibility, or even in its great improvement, now saw humanity clothed with all the dignity and beauty which even in this life God intends it to possess. For months he was possessed by a sort of vision of a perfect city—a Utopia if we choose to call it so—but a Utopia that would be realized if all, or even a great portion, of mankind would unite in wishing and working for it, in doing more and more each one his part towards the fulfilment of the petition, "Thy kingdom come." And what is this kingdom of God but the reign of His Church on earth; her place understood by all, by those who are in her high places no less than by the lowest of her children, her sovereignty acknowledged in the sphere of science, of politics, of intellect, no less than in the more purely spiritual regions, but at the same time understood as an influence not of repression, not of belittlement of man's reason, but as sympathizing with and aiding its loftiest flights, and giving it the wings with which it may soar higher still?

Shortly after Père Gratry's restoration to peace and serenity of mind, he terminated his course at the Polytechnic, and in spite of the entreaties of his family and friends, to which were joined those of the governor of the school, he resigned the career which was open to him; and having taken a small room in Paris, determined to wait in silence and prayer until the time when God should point out the way in which He wished him to serve Him. After about six months of waiting, this seemed to be manifested to him; he heard from a venerable priest who visited him, of several young men who had united to live a life of perfection in common. He hastened to Strasburg and found them, five in number, living with and more or less under the

guidance of an aged and very remarkable woman. This lady, Mdlle. Hermann, had, during the Reign of Terror, been intrusted by a holy priest, afterwards Bishop of Mayence, with the care of the Blessed Sacrament, which, for a considerable time, she carried about with her in her bosom. She consecrated herself by vow to God, and as long as the Bishop of Mayence lived was employed by him in good works. After his death she went to Strasburg, and was there brought into relations with a young man, a friend of her brother's, whom she nursed through a long illness and brought back to religion. She adopted him as her son before God, and several other young men, having been led to faith, through his conversion, they all lived together, awaiting the moment when they could arrange to enter the priesthood, and live in community, devoting themselves to education and to study.

Amongst this group of choice spirits, all united in Christian love and engrossed by one object, that of giving themselves up unreservedly body and soul for the cause of God and of truth, Père Gratry seemed to himself to have found the ideal life which he had been seeking. "My heart," he says, "overflowed with joy, and I said to myself, Am I not really in heaven with the angels?" But this heart so eager for sacrifice was not yet sacrificed, perhaps still more renunciation was demanded of him! perhaps he had still too human a love, too eager a sympathy with his brothers in the spiritual life, and the holy woman whom they all looked upon as a mother! At her suggestion he began seriously to reflect whether God was not asking him to give up even more, and the result of his reflections was his entering as a postulant the Redemptionst Convent of Bischenberg. Here the months of his novitiate passed calmly by, and here his life might possibly have been fixed, had it not been for the dispersion of the religious after the Revolution of July, 1830, and his recall by the Bishop of Strasburg and the "Mother," in order that he might conjointly with his former companions take charge of the little seminary of that diocese. In this, to him most congenial occupation, Père Gratry spent several years, and here the Autobiography ceases abruptly. We think the readers of this book will join in our regret that so short a portion of this life, so rich in interest and instruction, should be revealed to us through the medium of the writer's own words and sentiments.

L. E. W.

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2. *The Valleys of Tirol*, their traditions and customs, and how to visit them. By Miss R. H. Busk. London: Longman, Green, and Co., 1874.

So attractive a book on a most interesting country almost disarms a critic. The many charming places it describes, the beautiful customs it records, lead us on pleasantly through its pages. Nor have we any right to quarrel with the peculiar lines of study which the authoress of

*Folk-lore of Rome, and Sagas from the far East*, has made so specially her own. Still for all that the traditions or fairy tales of the Tyrol have so large a share in the book that it might fairly have been called "Folk-lore of Tirol," to adopt Miss Busk's new spelling. Spelling in our language is such a debateable ground that no one has the right to enforce his own views as law. But it must be confessed that the rage for new spellings of geographical and historical names is becoming a serious inconvenience. When once a name has become Anglicized, is it not an affectation to appeal, against the *norma loquendi*, to the spelling of such a word in its native language? The difficulty is of course doubly increased when we have to do with border countries, with two languages and many dialects, and two or more names for the same person or place, and this has been freely admitted by our authoress in a note at the close of her Index.<sup>1</sup> But why should the Italian Lago di Garda be called the Garda-See?<sup>2</sup> Or Cardinal Madruzzo, of the Italian Tyrol, appear as Karl Madruzz? No doubt we find him called Madruzzo, and in Latin Madrutius. But Hübner, no mean authority, adopts the other Italian form. Again, Charles of Lorraine<sup>3</sup> is called "of Lotharingia;" why not of Lothringen, if the accepted spelling be rejected? Or, again, the Florentine Claudia dei Medici<sup>4</sup> appears as "Klaudia." Any one knows how a long residence in a country makes foreign phrases, foreign spelling, grow familiar to us; but this does not justify their use in an English work. Such words as "trajet,"<sup>5</sup> or "fiabe,"<sup>6</sup> have not in any way passed into our speech. Again,<sup>7</sup> speaking of the rock at the *Sacro Speco*, the writer says it has "stood still for centuries at the word of St. Benedict, who bid it *non danneggiare i sudditi miei*." Surely Dr. Ullathorne's English—"Stay, hurt not my children," is better than what, we speak under correction, is an Italian (?) recollection of a Latin inscription. The constant recurrence of untranslated passages in German is an unnecessary stumbling-block to the unlearned.

A more serious objection might be fairly raised to the way in which the merest myths are mixed up with stories of saints. Thus, for example, the death of St. Fidelis of Sigmaringen, the protomartyr of the Propaganda, who was martyred as late as 1622, is spoken of as a legend, and his "*cultus* as having began in 1622."<sup>8</sup> We may mention in passing that Blessed Lawrence of Brindisi is not as yet canonized.<sup>9</sup> So again, there being no Apostolic precept or even counsel against Cardinals having more than one hat, why should the fact, that hats of St. Charles are to be found elsewhere, throw any doubt on the authenticity of the "traveller's tale,"<sup>10</sup> that his hat is preserved at Embs?

The practice of finding a counterpart in the mythology of Pagan times to the various legends of the saints, is so often placed as the premiss to a rationalistic denial of supernatural events, that it requires to be used with discretion, and we leave it to our readers to decide

<sup>1</sup> P. 453.<sup>2</sup> P. 421.<sup>3</sup> P. 285.<sup>4</sup> P. 326.<sup>5</sup> P. 17.<sup>6</sup> P. 421.<sup>7</sup> P. 212, note 2.<sup>8</sup> P. 13.<sup>9</sup> P. 274.<sup>10</sup> P. 22.



whether there is not a smack of irreverence in some of the parallels in the work before us.<sup>11</sup> Truths much more sacred than mere legends are attacked by a similar process. And the Bollandists and Christian archæologists have shown that many a Catholic tradition, which excited the amusement of the encyclopedists, is a firmly based historical fact. Much as superstition is to be regretted, it is a lesser evil than the materialism of the day, and we heartily rejoice that the children of the Tyrol "have not yet acquired the independence of thought and the habit of referring to natural causes, which is generated by those industries of production to which the human agent seems all in all;" and are instead, to take up the first portion of the sentence quoted, "primitive and unsophisticated tillers of the soil, accustomed to watch as a yearly miracle the welling up (?) of its fruits, and to depend for their hopes of subsistence on the sun and rain in the hand of their Creator."<sup>12</sup>

But having said this, we can only repeat what we have already stated, that the authoress has done well her work as pioneer to the out of the way beauties of one of the few countries which the Revolution has not ruined, and she has brought to her task a ready pen, a mind well stored with the history of the land, and an observant eye and quick ear. The impression which her book leaves on the mind, is like what we feel when we pass from the noise and worldliness of a London street, into the quiet and unworldly interior of a religious house, where everything speaks of another world, and life even seems stripped of its cares and sorrows.

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3. *History of the Catholic Church in Scotland*, from the introduction of Christianity to the present time. By James Walsh. Margey, Glasgow; Burns and Oates, London; Duffy, Dublin.

In his Preface, Mr. Walsh informs us that the goodly volume that he has presented to the public, is the result of twenty years reading and compilation. Were the issue of such prolonged labour even less satisfactory than it is, so honest an endeavour on the part of a Catholic layman to utilize the small amount of leisure left to him by his ordinary occupations in the cause of the Church, would deserve the warm acknowledgments of all Catholics, and especially of Scottish Catholics. But, when the product of self-denying toil is such as that which Mr. Walsh offers to us in his work, something more than bare acknowledgment is due. Support and encouragement can be fairly claimed, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Walsh will receive both at the hands of Catholics and elsewhere. It is true Mr. Walsh does not pretend to original research, nor place himself formally in the chair of criticism; but he has amassed a perfect magazine of materials connected with the history of the Church of Scotland, which cannot fail to interest and instruct the general reader, and will even be found useful by the

<sup>11</sup> Ex. 9, p. 291, note 1.      <sup>12</sup> P. 11.

professed student of such matters. Mr. Walsh is further to be congratulated on his careful abstention from the 'manifestation of any partisan feeling when speaking on local matters of recent date; an abstention which there would be doubtless many temptations to violate, and which, with reference to subjects of domestic controversy in general, might have been practised with advantage in other quarters. We trust that Mr. Walsh's praiseworthy effort to advance the cause of religion in Scotland will meet with all the success it deserves.

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4. *The Life of Blessed Giovanni Colombini.* By Feo Belcari. Translated from the Editions of 1541 and 1832. London: Washbourne, 1874.

This life, so well known to lovers of the early Italian lives of the saints, written in the pure Tuscan of 1448, has long been waiting for an English translator. And we may congratulate ourselves that the work has at last been done, and done so well.

In "Sketches from the History of Christendom," No. III., published in this journal,<sup>1</sup> there is a notice of this exquisite biography. We had occasion when speaking of Mr. Davies' *Pilgrimage of the Tiber*, to regret that its accomplished author gave us so much about the dark side of Italy in the middle ages, the constant, internecine strife of city against city, of faction against faction. The other side of the picture is to be found in lives like this which is before us, showing how, with all the cruelty and un-Christian hate of civil war, there was existing charity and virtue of the most exalted kind. It needed but a St. Francis or a Blessed John Colombini to raise the standard of Evangelical poverty and humility, and they at once gathered around them an army of followers filled with the same spirit as their leaders.

The Order of Jesuates was of too uncertain a formation to be long lived. Its very founder seemed to aim at nothing more than having around him those who would share, as lay-brothers, the hidden life of Nazareth, and the Crucifixion and abasement of Calvary; and in the shape it afterwards took, after protracted hesitation, it did not long survive its establishment as a regular order. St. Pius the Fifth gave them the privileges of the mendicant orders; but it was only in 1606 that Paul the Fifth allowed them to receive Holy Orders and to recite the Canonical Hours. Clement the Ninth suppressed them in 1668. But the example of Blessed John is for all times, and perhaps is much wanted just now, when our long peace and great prosperity is making the attractions of the world more powerful than ever. One noticeable feature in the life, is the personal devotion of Blessed John to the reigning Pontiff, and the enthusiasm the saint and his companions displayed towards His Holiness. "As the blessed Pope Urban and seven Cardinals stepped on the bridge, the poor brothers raised shouts of joy and cried out, 'Blessed be Christ, and long live the Holy

<sup>1</sup> Vol. ii. p. 399. First Series.

Father.' Giovanni, Francesco Vincenti, and some of their companions, humbly kissed his feet."<sup>2</sup> "The Monday following he [the Pope] rode towards Viterbo, accompanied by the poor brothers, who almost run by his side, for he rode fast. The Holy Father considerably sent word to them to come on at their ease; on which the ardent Francesco, wishing to be obedient, said, 'I am at my ease if I can come close to him, hear him, and touch him.' Then he ran on in front, so that he might kiss his feet when he passed."<sup>3</sup>

We cannot be surprised that St. Philip Neri loved such a book, and recommended it to his penitents. His spirit had much akin to the simplicity and joyousness of Blessed Colombini.

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5. *The Lives of St. Veronica Giuliani and of Blessed Battista Varani.* Oratorian Series. London: Washbourne, 1874.

The seventeenth century was remarkable for the number of children of St. Francis whose sanctity made glorious the Church of God. Of these St. Joseph of Cupertino, St. Pacificus of San Severino, and St. Veronica Giuliani are the best known. The life of the sainted Capuchin nun is a great addition to our spiritual library. Though St. Veronica was essentially a mystic, her profound humility and simplicity, her active charity amidst all the supernatural favours she received, and her wonderful patience under the mortifications she met with from within and from without, are full of lessons to Catholics of every station of life. Her long struggle for her vocation is very instructive. Her love of the Crucified, and its practical consequence, love for suffering, which gained for her the exalted privilege of the Stigmata, is the chief feature of a life full of wonderful proofs of virtue and miraculous interposition.

Blessed Battista Varani, another Franciscaness, of the fifteenth century, daughter of the Lord of Camerino, tells her own life for the most part, in obedience to a command imposed on her by her confessor.

The translation and editing of both lives leave hardly anything to be desired. In another edition such a slight fault as "kneeler" for kneeling-stool—*inginocchiatoio*, should be corrected.

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6. *The Bishop of Orleans on Contemporary Prophecies.* Translated by Edward Redmund, D.D. London: Washbourne, 1874.

The brochure of Mgr. Duponloup, which made such an impression a short time back on its publication in France, is here given in an English form by a professor of St. Thomas' Seminary, Hammersmith. The translator remarks that the pamphlet is "a succinct and eloquent theological treatise on the real attitude of the Catholic Church towards alleged manifestations of the supernatural."

<sup>2</sup> P. 115.

<sup>3</sup> P. 117.

7. *Glory and Sorrow*, or the consequences of Ambition; and *Selim, the Pasha of Salonica*. Translated from the French by P. S. New York: The Catholic Publication Society, 1874.

Two instructive and interesting stories. The first has a very obvious moral, forcibly impressed on the reader by the very life-like struggles and reverses of a man who has determined to achieve fortune and position.

8. *Sketch of the Life and Letters of the Countess Adelstan*. Abridged from the French of Père Marquigny, S.J., by E. A. M. London: Washbourne, 1874.

Père Marquigny, a well known writer in the *Etudes*, has done good service in putting on a candlestick the life of one whose example is so instructive, and which teaches a lesson so clear and important. Madame Adelstan, like her countrywomen, has the peculiar art of throwing a beauty over the commonest details of life; this beauty in her case is not meretricious, but owes its greatest charm to the earnest and simple holiness of her life. A married life ended by the horrors of the late war, is not without its tragic interest. But the great interest of the book, even above the story of the conversion of her husband, is the question of education. The essay<sup>1</sup> on the bringing up of children and the comparative merits and demerits of convents and home education, is well worth the careful study both of parents and those intrusted with the task of instruction. The statement seems a very fair one, and throws back light on the article on Convent Education in the last number of our periodical.

The translator does not seem sufficiently able to think in English, or to free his pages from French phrases. We take some instances at random. "Do not fail the Mass." "As for me, what can I say?"<sup>2</sup> "The Infallibility, so violently attacked during a year."<sup>3</sup> "I hope you have been able to confess."<sup>4</sup> "How can we help carrying the mourning for the country?"<sup>5</sup>

9. *Life and Doctrine of St. Catharine of Genoa*. Translated from the Italian. New York, 1874.

This beautiful English edition of a beautiful life, with the well known spiritual writings of a saint of later days, is a great addition to our Catholic literature. Father Hecker, in his Preface, points to the story of St. Catharine Adorno as an answer to Protestant objections against the spiritual life in the Church. How few who gaze upon her incorrupt body in the hospital, where her life was spent, know how the daughter of the great house of Fieschi, and the wife of one of the noble merchant princes of Genoa, gained her title to the honours of sainthood. Father Faber has attracted attention to her treatise on Purgatory, and we

<sup>1</sup> P. 89.

<sup>2</sup> P. 115.

<sup>3</sup> P. 116.

<sup>4</sup> P. 119.

<sup>5</sup> P. 127.

have it already in English. But there is no better commentary on any saint's writings than that saint's life; while the Dialogues of St. Catharine are striking pictures of her own soul, which her life in its turn renders more intelligible, and so more profitable.

10. *The Madmen of the Greek Theatre.* By J. R. Gasquet, M.D. Lewes: Bacon.

Dr. Gasquet's article, republished from the *Journal of Medical Science*, on the "Madmen of the Greek Theatre," will interest classical scholars and students of poetry, as well as students of medicine. The author is evidently deeply familiar with the Greek tragedians, and his analysis of their treatment of the characters of Orestes, Ædipus, Ajax, Pentheus and the Bacchæ, and Hercules is occasionally illustrated with great beauty from the works of modern poets. Dr. Gasquet attributes the difference between the ancients and the moderns to the idea so prevalent among the former of the judicial character of the terrible visitation of insanity, as well as in the central place occupied in the Greek tragedy by the idea of endurance indomitable even in suffering, perseverance, and the like. "The hesitations of Hamlet, the flickering sanity of Lear, the touches of remorse in Macbeth, could hardly have been evoked from a Greek mind, or presented without offence to Athenian hearers, who would, on the contrary, have recognized and applauded the 'Greek simplicity' of Constance, the perseverance of Queen Margaret to the bitter end, or the impenitence of Lady Macbeth even in her madness. The moral and religious atmosphere, then, in which the Greek tragedians lived, led them to the same manner of depicting insanity as the æsthetic rules of their drama would also have required. We shall find, almost without exception, that the forms of madness they describe are such as begin acutely, and pass more or less rapidly into dementia, or are cured, rather than those which begin insidiously, and are slower in their progress."<sup>1</sup>

## II.—SELECTIONS FROM FOREIGN CATHOLIC PERIODICALS.

### 1. *The late Catholic Congress at Venice.*

(Condensed from the *Civiltà Cattolica*.)

EACH age brings great changes to all things external to the Church. And the Church, the deposit of God's unchangeable Word, because it is the deposit, adapts itself to the needs of that world of which its Divine Founder designed it to be the means of salvation. In one century it creates hospitals to minister to the sufferings of the traveller and the sick, sufferings which human science did not then know how to alleviate; at another period it calls into existence the military

<sup>1</sup> P. 7.

orders; at another, the congregations of men and women living in the world. In our age, the boasted age of freedom, it has evoked the active lay associations, and with them, as their necessary expression, the Catholic Congresses.

The fitness of these associations to the times in which we live is obvious. When the State not only recognized the Church, but acknowledged the necessity of a real union with it, the lay element very naturally left to the Church and to the State, the care of guarding its dearest interests. Not that there ever was a time when lay associations did not exist, but they were in other ages confined to mutual exercises of charity, and mutual encouragement in the practice of virtue. The Governments, whatever may have been their temporary aberrations, were habitually and by principle Catholic, and therefore protected and fostered both these confraternities and the common interests of the Church. Now all is changed. The State has broken with the Church, under pretext of a mis-named liberty. It has made itself the one centre, source, and bulwark of all authority, of every right, of every interest. Under the pretext of freedom of religion, it has trampled on the holiest and most inalienable rights of Catholics, the right to public exercise of their Faith, the right to be governed as Christians.

This new warfare has imposed new duties on the Catholic laity. The liberty granted to every enemy of their Faith obliges them to avail themselves of the same liberty to protect themselves from attack. The Church, deprived of Government aid, or plundered of those temporal goods with which the piety of the faithful had endowed her, looks to her children for temporal assistance. The bishops, the clergy secular and regular, the religious women put under the ban of the law, require at the hands of the Catholic laity that protection which the State refuses to them. The attitude Catholics have assumed in Germany and Switzerland has proved conclusively that the divisions supposed to exist between the pastors and their flocks, between the people and the Church, existed only in the minds of the enemies of both.

These associations are thus become *necessary*. The persecution by men who compose the State, must be met by laymen who possess civil rights and legal means to repel persecution. They are *necessary*—no mere matter of choice, with a necessity arising from the very nature of things, not factitiously created from without. Zeal, love of the Church, the promptings of conscience, were their cause, charity which is stronger than death.

A Congress may be called a federation of associations, they draw from it all their power and their force. The members of the various associations return from such a meeting invigorated, encouraged, instructed.

Liberalism has made the struggle of our day a religious one, it is no longer political. Its aggressions menace the very essence of Christian faith and Christian practice. Though Imperial letter-writers.



may imitate the wolf in the fable and lay all the blame on the lamb, it is the abandonment of the Church by their rulers that has forced the Catholic laity to take up the arms which alone they will and may take up, and to gather together into unions and associations in defence of God and His Church. If the State will separate from the Church, the people will only draw more closely to the Church. They do not want any political triumph, they have nothing to do with politics; they do not wish to overrule the State, but they demand freedom to worship God, in the way that God has revealed, in the way that He wishes to be adored.

It is clear, too, that these Congresses, made to support and protect the Church, can never be, like the pseudo-Catholic Congresses of Cologne and Constance, a council of laymen dogmatizing and defining on matters of faith and morals. To be a Catholic is to believe that it is the exclusive right of the pastors of the Church to settle points of doctrine or discipline. And so every Catholic Congress begins and ends with an explicit declaration of entire submission to the teaching of St. Peter's Successor, accepting what he defines, rejecting what he condemns.

Nor can they become an extra-parliamentary Parliament, a State within a State, or a party organ, or supporter of a party; they expressly avoid even the appearance of connection with mere political questions. Their influence on the State, if not accidental, is merely indirect, as they help to remove from the minds of the governors and the governed, from the electors and the elected, false notions, and create a healthy public opinion which must sooner or later re-act upon the State.

Baron de Loe, President of the Catholic Association of Germany, happily defined what a Catholic Congress *is*, in the few words of sympathy he telegraphed to the Congress of Venice—"An auxiliary corps of the Church's army." It is a *corps d'armée*, because of its union, its discipline, its practical character. It is auxiliary, because not forming an integral part of the Church, as *Ecclesia regens*, because it comes to her aid when and in the way she requires, and employs arms which are altogether different from those the Church herself can wield. These weapons the Baron briefly described, when he bade the Catholics of the Italian Congress to "fight in the front rank, with the arms of prayer, of speech, and good works." We shall see how faithfully the Congress of Venice realized the ideal of the illustrious German Catholic.

Animated by the example set by the Catholics of Germany, Switzerland, and Belgium, the Catholics of Italy have for the last few years been seeking to realize the project of a general Congress of the various Catholic Associations of Italy. The fall of Napoleon, the attitude assumed by the new patron of Italy, forced the Catholics to look to themselves alone for protection from the oppression of the State. The completion of Italian unity, the political abandonment of the Holy Father's cause by every Government in Europe, the

guarantees so pompously announced, allowed the rulers of the Italian kingdom to wear a semblance of justice towards the Catholic party, which up to that time it had affected to regard as merely a political faction, whose avowed aim was to conspire against and to destroy Italian unity. The third centenary of the battle of Lepanto gathered together in 1871 a large number of Catholics in the splendid Scuola di S. Rocco at Venice, to celebrate the anniversary of that great triumph over the Turks of the sixteenth century. There the representatives of the Bolognese Association of Catholic Young Men, proposed that a Congress should be held under the shadow of St. Mark. The proposal was enthusiastically received, and the Catholic Young Men's Head Council formed itself at once into a committee to carry out the idea. The regulations adapted from those used in other such meetings were prepared, submitted to the approval of the Ordinaries, and circulated through the Peninsula. The Committee invited to their aid the best known Catholics of Italy, and received them in their midst as adjunct members (*adherenti*). The various local associations, and these honorary members contributed the necessary funds for whatever expenses would have to be incurred.

The menace of cholera forced the Committee of Management to prorogue the Congress. But at last, after many disappointments, after many periods in which the scheme seemed hopeless, the Congress met on the 13th of June last, in the spacious church of Sta. Maria dell' Orto, which had been fitted up for the occasion. At the solemn opening five hundred persons of every class were present, including in their number the grandest names of the Italian aristocracy, and the best known Catholics of Italy. His Eminence the Patriarch of Venice was in the chair, as honorary president, with three bishops of neighbouring sees and Mgr. Nardi on his right. After asking God's help and blessing on the assembly, the Cardinal opened the sitting by the words, "Praised be Jesus Christ!" the whole audience answering, "Praised be He for ever!"

We can only very briefly cite some of the thoughts, rather than the words, of his inaugural address. "As to our object, I need only say, we have the modest intention of doing a little good. In the sad days in which we live, the sect which rules the world has seized on the Press and on education as means whereby to corrupt and destroy society, already so far gone. It is for you to labour specially to push the circulation of good books, and to hinder that of bad books; to make every effort to found Catholic schools, so as to put a barrier to the slimy torrent of corruption and wickedness which threatens to flood the whole world. Men proclaim that Catholicity is dead, is a corpse. We shall make them with their own hands touch and feel that it is living in all the power of youth, and see how it is strong with the very strength of God. The world cries aloud that men of progress are indifferent about all that has to do with religion. We, by this

Congress, shall prove to all, that we put in the first place, above every wish or longing of our hearts, that most holy religion, in which we had the good fortune to be born, and in which, at all cost, we desire to die."

His closing words were an appeal to charity and concord, and a commendation of all the members and their labours to the most Sacred Heart, whose feast they had chosen for their opening day.

The admirable president of the Young Men's Italian Association, Dr. Acquaderni of Bologna, then gave in a few graceful words an account of his stewardship, as the representative of the Committee of Management.

The next proceedings were the appointing the acting president and of the various officers of the Congress. Each nomination made by the Committee met with complete approval and was carried by applause. Duke Scipio Salviati, the son of Prince Borghese, was chosen president; among the vice-presidents the best known names were those of the ex-deputy, Baron D'Ondes Reggio, and Signor Eugenio Albéri.

The President made an admirable address, which with commendable taste was brief and to the point. *Si Deus pro nobis, quis contra nos?* were his closing words. The Pope's brief, conveying his blessing to the Congress, was then read by the Head Secretary, and a telegram expressing their unalterable fidelity to the Infallible Teacher was at once forwarded as an answer to His Holiness. The reading of letters and telegrams of sympathy from various Catholic bodies was followed by this act of faith, and statement of the aims and intentions of the assembly by D'Ondes Reggio.

"It seems to me very fitting that the Catholic Congress, the first that has assembled in Italy, should open with this declaration—The Congress is Catholic, and nothing but Catholic (cheers). For Catholicism is a doctrine which is complete, the great teaching of the human race. So Catholicism is not liberal, is not tyrannical, it has no qualification; whatever qualification you may add, it is of itself condemned as a grave error. To suppose that Catholicism either is wanting in anything, which must be added, or contains anything which must be taken away, is a most serious error, that can produce nothing but schism and heresy (hear, hear). Catholicism is that doctrine which the Supreme Pastor, Successor of St. Peter, Bishop of Rome, Vicar of Jesus Christ, Infallible Doctor of faith and morals, teaches us either *ex cathedra*, or conjointly with the bishops, the successors of the Apostles. Every doctrine discordant with this is the teaching of schism or heresy. To the ultimate decision of the Pontiff, the Congress defers its deliberations. Long live Pius the Ninth!"

It took some time before the applause these clear and energetic words called forth could be sufficiently stilled to proceed to the allotting to the various sections or committees their respective chairman. These sections were—(1) Catholic Associations; (2) Charitable Works; (3) Education; (4) the Press; (5) Fine Arts—Painting and Music.

The first meeting ended at 11.30 a.m., having occupied an hour and a half.

At 2 p.m. the various committees reassembled. It is worth remarking that as each person accepted the invitation to the Congress, he was requested to choose the committee on which he might wish to sit. At these meetings the members discussed in private what was to be reported on in the *séance* open to all.

The following day the public meeting commenced by reading the list of a number of Catholic societies who sent in their adhesion to the object and principles of the Congress.

Signor Albéri and Dr. Sacchetti were the two speakers. Signor Albéri is well known as the publisher of the *Relazione Venete*, and the works of Galileo; his theme was the social influence of Catholicity. Dr. Sacchetti, the editor of the *Veneto Cattolico*, made an admirable speech on the folly of nursing oneself to sleep by vain illusions. "Up till now we have deluded ourselves very much, we have worked very little; after the Congress we must work very hard, and not delude ourselves at all." He summed up his discourse by a happy adaptation of St. Ignatius' well known spiritual maxim. "Italian Catholics," he concluded, "let us pray that the revolution may die to-morrow; but, however, let us pray as though it were to live for ever."

On Sunday the 15th a very much larger number, some eight hundred in all, were present at the public meeting. The Duke of Norfolk was among the many whose names were read out as sending their greeting to the Congress. Mgr. Nardi spoke powerful against the profanation of Sunday; and the Reverend Signor Massari, editor of the *Osservatore Cattolico*, of Milan, took for his subject "Liberal Catholics." He divided them into those who were liberal in practice, and those who were so in theory. The last were but few in Italy, the former were by no means few. To the first he referred all who, through fear, or from interestive motives, or simply in order to live at peace, while they thought and acted as Catholics in private life, in public both spoke and acted as Liberals. There was no mistaking the strong feeling of the Congress against both classes. At the close of Mgr. Nardi's speech a telegram arrived from the Holy Father, and all arose to hear standing his words of congratulation and encouragement. It was answered by a thrice repeated cheer, and many an *evviva* afterwards.

Two public meetings were held the following day at eleven and at five. The audience did not diminish from that of the Sunday. At the morning meeting in answer to several telegrams it was determined to send messages of congratulation to the Catholic Congress which opened that day at Mayence, and to the persecuted bishops of Germany, Switzerland, and Brazil. A vote of condolence and sympathy with the clergy of Switzerland also was carried, of whom sixty-seven parish priests were in exile, and with the clergy in Germany, where the State prisons contain not less than three hundred and forty of their

number, and with the brave laity of both countries. The Bishop of Adria then expressed the earnest wish that the zeal and example of those before him would rouse the cowardly, who, though Catholics at heart, remain with folded arms, and do nothing to defend our holy religion. D'Ondes Reggio succeeded him, and in a splendid speech declaimed against the tyranny of an irreligious education which the State desired to make obligatory throughout Italy. After hearing the various proposals of the Committees, the Bishop of Chioggia warmly advocated the Society of St. Vincent of Paul, adding a few words of good advice to its members to keep up that spirit of sincere Catholicity which was the secret of all their strength.

At five o'clock the Congress again met to hear the various reports of the five Committees. Two of the resolutions are specially noteworthy. It was determined to hold the next Congress, in 1875, at Florence, and the task of preparation was intrusted to those who had done their duty so well on this occasion. It was resolved that every legal measure should be adopted to obtain freedom of education, and to resist obligatory State instruction.

On the morning of the 17th, all the members assisted at a religious ceremony in St. Mark's. The greater part of those present approached Holy Communion; and the entire body of secular and regular clergy of Venice, with ten bishops, added to the solemnity of the service. The venerable and aged Cardinal Patriarch read a touching homily to the people, exciting them to affection towards the Pope.

At two in the afternoon was held the closing meeting.

Duke Salviati, the chairman, announced that one of the resolutions of the Congress was to be carried at once into practice, thanks to the zeal of Mgr. Daniel Canal, who was going to open in Venice a house of refuge for servants out of place. After a long list of adhesions from Italy and from other countries of Europe, the Bishop of Verona rose to speak of the duties of the Catholic laity of Italy towards the clergy, secular and regular, in the present crisis.

The remaining resolutions of the various Committees were then carried. The Reverend Signor Alberto Cucito spoke in favour of the work of encouragement to the sons of the poor, and he was followed by D'Ondes Reggio, who again addressed the Congress on the all-important subject of freedom of education. The Duke Salviati read his closing discourse. When he came to the portion wherein he alluded to the Pope, his voice faltered and failed him, and he was obliged to pause amidst the cheers of sympathy and loyalty which burst out around him. The Cardinal Patriarch then spoke the last words. Imitating the acclamations with which the Church ends her solemn assemblies, he proposed, in turn, thanks to those who had assisted the Congress, either by the sanction of their presence, the labour of actual work, or the toil and anxiety of preparation. With a *Te Deum* intoned by the venerable Patriarch, the first Congress of



Italy was brought to a close. It remains only to speak of the practical result, as conveyed in the resolutions which were passed by the various Committees. These have reached us as we close our paper (July 20), and we hope to devote to them more space in our next number than we can spare in this.

## 2. The late Brief to Mgr. Gaume.

(From the *Etudes Religieuses* for June, 1874.)

The Holy Father has recently sent a Brief to Mgr. Gaume. We give here the translation of the most important passages.

"In beholding your solicitude on our behalf, we earnestly desire that you may be filled with that gladness of soul, which neither the evils of the times, nor the injustice of men can take away from the just and wise.

"You must not, therefore, allow yourself to be troubled by the malignant attacks of certain parties, seeing that, as you yourself say, your sole object in your workings has ever been to uphold that method of education you know that we have approved of: that is, to make our young students read, together with the classical works of the ancient pagans, purged from all defilement, the best written works of Christian authors also.

"Wherefore we deem it fitting that you should banish all anxiety from your mind, and that you should rest in perfect calm."

This missive, breathing the fatherly kindness of Pius the Ninth, evidently alludes to a recent controversy warmly debated on either side. The Pontiff reminds us of the solution accepted by all Catholics, since he himself proposed it in the Encyclical, *Inter Multiplices*, addressed to all the bishops of France, in 1853.

It will perhaps not be wholly needless to lay before our readers this important document, wherein Pius the Ninth has met the desires manifested by several distinguished members of the episcopal body in France, without prejudice to the traditional methods of literary training. "Continue," said he to our bishops, "as you are even now doing, to spare no endeavour for training the young clerics of your Seminaries to elegance of diction and to real eloquence by the study of the masterpieces of the holy Fathers, together with those of the most celebrated pagan authors, purged from all defilement—*Ut adolescentes clerici. . . germanam dicendi scribendique elegantiam et eloquentiam tum ex sapientissimis sanctorum Patrum operibus, tum ex clarissimis ethnicis scriptoribus ab omni labe purgatis addiscere . . . valeant.*"

As may be seen, His Holiness, then as now, approved and encouraged the custom already recommended by several Provincial Councils, of selecting from among the masterpieces of Christian writers some of the models to be set before the young tyros of literature. But neither Pius the Ninth nor the French episcopate



have ever dreamed of deposing the masterpieces of pagan antiquity from the rank awarded to them by the experience of ages and of the Church herself.

Some fifteen years later, the dispute about the classics, which had died out in France, was kindled anew in Canada. The Holy See took this opportunity of repeating still more precisely its earlier pronouncements. The paganism which, as some said, imbued youthful minds, owing to the study of the ancient classics, began to disturb certain narrow-minded folk in America, and not a few took their stand on the Encyclical of 1853, in order to enforce a radical reform of education by the expulsion of the pagan authors from the programme of studies. The question was submitted to the Roman Inquisition. The Prefect, Cardinal Patrizi, answered that there was no ground for this agitation. "For," added his Eminence, "it is unquestionable, and established by ancient and unvarying usage, that young students, even though in training for the ecclesiastical state, may, without scruple or danger, study elegance of style and true eloquence either in the works of the Fathers, or in pagan writers purified from all that can defile—*Explorata enim res est et antiqua constantique consuetudine comprobata adolescentes etiam clericos germanam dicendi scribendique elegantiam et eloquentiam, sive ex SS. Patrum operibus, sive ethnicis ab omni labe purgatis, absque periculo addiscere optime jure posse.* Nor," continued the Cardinal, "is this merely tolerated by the Church, but freely allowed—*Id ab Ecclesia non toleratur modo, sed omnino permittitur.* This very same doctrine has been unmistakably declared (*perspicue declaratum fuit*) by our Most Holy Lord Pius the Ninth, in his Encyclical of March 31, 1853, addressed to the bishops of France."<sup>1</sup>

Decisions as formal as these should silence every scruple. Hence the Provincial Council of Bordeaux, holden at Poitiers the following year, 1868, under the patronage of the great Doctor of Gaul (St. Hilary), when dealing with the organization of literary education, reproduced the declaration we have just quoted, adding its own entire adhesion.<sup>2</sup> Other Provincial Synods have held the same course; and it is well known that ecclesiastical schools of every degree, have continued, under the eye and with the sanction of the bishops and the Holy See, to study the ancient classics in accordance with the constant and ancient usage.

Thus there can be no doubt as to the mind of the Church

<sup>1</sup> Rescript to the Bishop of Iloa, administrator of the diocese of Quebec. It is needless to observe that this document, doubly remarkable, in that it interprets the Encyclical, and bears explicit witness in favour of the ancient system of classical teaching (*antiqua constantique consuetudo*), has an entirely official character, and may therefore claim paramount authority in this matter.

<sup>2</sup> *Decreta Concilii Provinciae Burdigalensis*, A.D. 1868, cap. x. § 6, n. 2 (*Collect. Lacens.* tom. iv. p. 846). The Sacred Congregation of the Council of Trent, which is commissioned by the Pope to revise the decrees of Provincial Synods, has given special praise to the "rules established by the Fathers of the Council for the organization and advancement of studies" (Letter of Cardinal Caterini, *Ibid.* p. 797).

concerning the value and lawfulness of the traditional method. We need not say more to show that on this point no radical reform is required.

[We have given the above extract from the important French periodical named above with special view to the question which is every now and then coming to the surface in other countries as well as in France—the question of the use of the Classics in Christian Education. We need not repeat what has been more than once said in these pages on the matter. We can hardly believe that there is any serious intention on the part of any Catholic educators to go to the extreme of repudiating classical education altogether, although we must confess that we every now and then hear or read words which would seem to imply such an idea as their one logical result. But it may very well be the case that much injury may be done to sound education by unguarded talk and strong expressions on such a subject. There is a general tendency in the present day to undervalue all that trains and disciplines the mind for general purposes, all that forms the taste and character without imparting at the same time special and, as it is called, useful knowledge. This tendency, together with another which may be more kindred to it in principle than appears at first sight—the excessive development of athleticism and bodily culture in schools and colleges generally—is sapping the true foundations of education, and preparing a shallow, ignorant, unthoughtful generation, a generation which has not learnt well how to reason, or speak, or write, for the management of human affairs. It is, as we say, quite possible that to depreciate, on what may appear to be Christian and Catholic grounds, what has always been an integral portion of mental training in almost all the schools which ever existed in Europe, may help on the general indolence, and so hasten the general degradation.

It is on this account painful to us to see the eminent Prelate whose name has just been mentioned in connection with the brief addressed to him by the Holy Father, using his acknowledged influence to revive the worst mistakes of the *Ver Rongeur* movement. A book of Mgr. Gaume lies now before us, translated into English, and published in America. It is on a subject about which, as we conceive, there can hardly be two opinions among Christians. The title of the work is *The Christian Cemetery in the Nineteenth Century, or the last war-cry of the Communists*.<sup>3</sup> It consists of twenty-six letters, in which the whole subject of the Christian method of burial and the Christian customs as to cemeteries is fully discussed, and we need say no more of these letters in general than that they are fully worthy of the name of Mgr. Gaume. But why should the subject of classical education be mixed up with Christian modes of sepulture? Our readers will

<sup>3</sup> Published by Denzinger, New York and Cincinnati; in London, by Burns and Oates.

perhaps not find it easy to imagine how this has been done. The great advocates for pagan modes of dealing with the remains of the dead, at all events the great enemies of the Christian cemetery and all the holy customs connected therewith, are the detestable sect of infidels known as "Solidaires," whose motto it is that they will have nothing to do with priests at birth, or marriage, or death, or funeral. But, says Mgr. Gaume, the "Solidaires" are made what they are by pagan education. Let us hear his own words—

"Atheism must then be the result of evil or pagan education," you say. Yes, necessarily and logically it must. For we find their doctrines more or less plainly taught in the pagan authors. The Sophists of Greece and Rome were apostles of doubt, and destroyers of all ancient beliefs among men. Up to their time, says an old writer, the traditions of revelation existed in some form.

Now, these pagan authors have been for centuries, and are to-day, the admired models of youth, and of that class of youth who, by their superior position, must necessarily lead the opinions and fashion the minds of men. Everybody knows that "solidaire" theories had not their origin among the lowly and the unlettered. It came, and it is coming to-day, from those who have drunk deeply of the poisoned cup of pagan classical literature—the graduates of educational institutions. Previous to the study of these writers, none of the deplorable evils that we now find everywhere could be discovered in Europe. And if there are infidels to-day among the uneducated classes, they owe their paternity to the educated, who, coming forth from their schools, communicate what they have received, and can transmit nothing else. Libraries, the public press, the theatre, and literature, are their exclusive work, the development of their classic ideas; each and all being so many indefatigable agents of the criminal apostolate. The people read them and are poisoned; and this explains the mystery.

It is our duty, then, to combat a pernicious system, favoured, alas! even by Catholic educators. Most people blame Protestantism; imputing to Luther the rise of that rationalism and "solidairism" now ravaging Christian nations. Nothing could be more false. Nothing could more useless than their very serious attacks directed exclusively against Protestantism.

No one denies that Luther is responsible for much of our modern unbelief. But it is one thing to be the author of an evil and another to be its propagator. We cannot assert it often enough, that Luther, the father of Protestantism, did not beget rationalism. He found it existing and applied it to the spiritual order of things by setting his reason above the authority of the Church.

The truth is: firstly, that Luther was just what Leibnitz styled him, a "logical man." When he appeared upon the scene, atheism had been reduced to a system, and free-thought having been carried into Europe on the poisonous breath of Greek philosophy, was a full-grown goddess. Fugitives from Constantinople introduced her to the youth of Europe, and soon she counted innumerable admiring followers of all countries, but especially in Italy (pp. 87—90).

Mgr. Gaume goes on to quote some Protestant authors, and even Bayle, attributing the rise of rationalism to the study of classical literature. It would have been more to the point if his authorities had been Catholics.

A little further on, speaking of the men of letters in Italy and Germany, he says—

It is a well established fact of history that these literary men, while claiming to be Catholics, had, long before Luther's time, openly professed and taught such monstrous tenets derived from pagan writers, that Luther

himself never dared to countenance them; for example, pantheism and materialism. The Council of Lateran, held in 1512, five years before Luther published his theses, was obliged to condemn these systems, taken from the ancient Greeks, and to declare the principles of the new philosophy and the revived literature to be poisonous and unsound, *radices philosophiæ et poësis esse infectas*. Erasmus, the chief patriarch of the revival of ancient literature, confirms the testimony of Melancthon and other historians, by his brief but expressive remark, "I laid the egg, and Luther hatched it." The Protestants of the seventeenth century, speaking through the mouth of minister Jurieu, corroborate the testimony of Erasmus; for they tell us confidently, "Were it not for the revival of pagan literature, we would not be in existence." In fine, the revolutionists, rationalists, and materialists of our day boast of their descent from the Renaissance. "We are children of the revolution," say they, "and we are proud of it; but we are still more the children of the Renaissance."

It is a fact, my dear Frederic, that the rationalists of every sect are unanimous in their praise of this period of revival, which they call "the emancipation of thought." As Brucker has it, "The study of the ancient classics severed the chain which held reason subject to faith, and bound philosophy to authority." It is natural to suppose that these people know where they came from, and they unanimously hail Florence in Italy as the birthplace of their so-called "glorious revolution."

How deeply to be deplored is the blindness of all those respectable and good men who, instead of taking the rationalists' declaration regarding their primary cause, and setting to work to tear out the poisoned tree by the roots, only hack away at its branches! The enemy laughs at such tactics. Notwithstanding your eloquent and learned defences, the torrent of rationalism carries them away, and is now overflowing both Catholic and Protestant lands. If you would prevent destruction, you must ascend to the source of the stream and dry up its springs. Its fountains, as you know, are the ancient classical authors. Unless the study of these men is discontinued in our colleges, labour as you may to stop it, you will have an unfailing crop of materialists and "solidaires," calling themselves animals, living like animals, dying like animals, and insisting upon being buried like animals (pp. 96-99).

And, again, once more—

The remedy, then, is not to be found in a prefect's proclamation, or in the censure of a legislative body, but in the total suppression of pagan education and the substitution of a thoroughly and truly Christian training of the youthful mind. Until this change takes place, we are only throwing chaff before the wind. While the revolutionists will laugh at our efforts, sensible men will repeat the truthful remarks of a Protestant of our own time—"It will fill posterity with astonishment to learn from history that an age calling itself Christian, condemned its youth, during seven or eight years of the most impressionable period of their lives, to the almost exclusive study of the pagans" (pp. 99, 100).

We venture to think that the point is too plain to need arguing. If Mgr. Gaume is right, then Christian educators, and especially Christian educators for the last three centuries, have been wrong. If Mgr. Gaume is right, if there is no exaggeration in his language as to the pernicious effects of the study of the classics, what is to be said of the system of education which Pius the Ninth declares to be approved by himself, "*Nempe, ut una cum classicis veterum ethnicorum exemplaribus, quavis labe purgatis, auctorum etiam Christianorum opera elegantiora studiosis juvenibus legenda proponantur*"?]







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